The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

The November Bookman, a George Eliot Centenary Number, will contain special articles on George Eliot by George Sampson and Arthur Compton-Rickett.

The Christmas Bookman, which is now in preparation, will contain all the usual features, including four large Illustrated Supplements, a number of beautiful presentation plates in colour and black-and-white, and, in addition, a series of portraits in chalk of distinguished living authors. To avoid disappointments, we would urge our readers to place their orders for the Christmas Bookman at once, as the Number cannot be reprinted.

A new story by those delightful Irish humorists, E. Œ. Somerville and Martin Ross, will be published this month by Messrs. Longmans. It was projected some years before the death of Martin Ross and takes its title, "Mount Music," from the old house which is at once the background and chief character in the tale.

The first and second "Chap-Books of Rounds," two attractive little books for children, by Eleanor Farjeon, with music by Harry Farjeon, will be published this month by Messrs. Dent.

Mr. Logan Pearsall Smith, whose little book of charming essays, "Trivia," was published by Messrs. Constable last year, has made a selection of extracts from English authors, from Chaucer to Shaw, which Constables are publishing under the title of "A Treasury of English Prose."

"Susan Lenox: Her Fall and Her Rise," by the late David Graham Phillips, has been published in two volumes by Messrs. Appleton. In a preface, Robert Chambers pays a warm tribute to Phillips's personal character, his clean honesty, his knightliness—"I never knew a finer man"—and to his high literary gifts. "I have always thought that Graham Phillips was head and shoulders above us all in his profession," writes Mr. Chambers. "He was to have been really great. He *is*—by his last book, 'Susan Lenox.' I do not know what the public may think of 'Susan Lenox.' I scarcely know what I think. It is a terrible book—terrible and true and beautiful. Under the depths there are unspeakable things that writhe. His plumb-line touches them, and they squirm. He bends his head from the clouds to do it. Is it worth doing? I don't know. But this I do know—

Captain R. S. Gwatkin-Williams, C.M.S., R.N.,

whose "Prisoners of the Red Desert" Mr. Thornton Butterworth is publishing.

that within the range of all fiction no character has so overwhelmed me as the character of Susan Lenox. She is as real as life and as unreal. She *is* Life. Hers was the concentrated nobility of Heaven and Hell. And the divinity of the one and the tragedy of the other. For she had known both—this girl—the most pathetic, the most human, the most honest character ever drawn by an American writer."

"Touch and Go," a three-act play with a Labour interest, by D. H. Lawrence, and "The Fight for Freedom," a play by Douglas Goldring, are the two first volumes in a new series of "Plays for a People's Theatre," which Messrs. C. W. Daniel are publishing.

"A Treasury of War Poetry," edited by George Herbert Clarke, is an exhaustive anthology of the best verse written on every phase of the late war, which Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton have in the press.

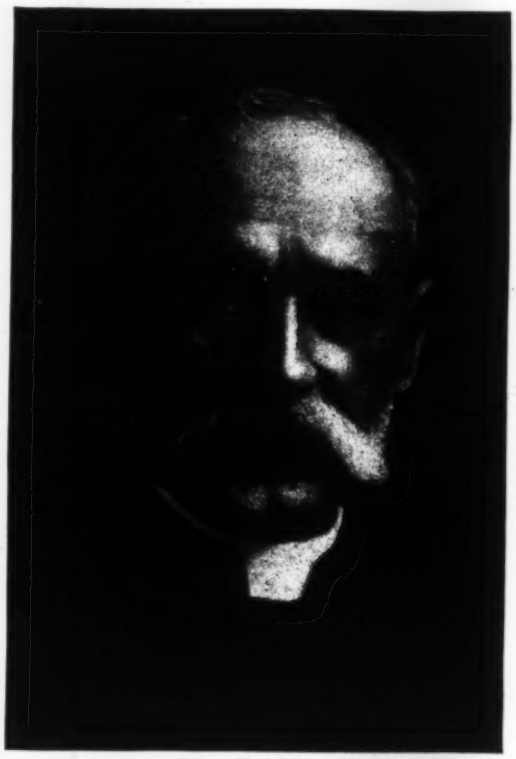
"Romances of Old Japan," which Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall are publishing shortly, is a collection of Japanese stories of the days of the Samurai, translated by Madame Ozaki. The book is to be illustrated with sixteen full-page coloured illustrations reproduced from water-colour drawings and sixteen in half-tone, all specially drawn for the volume by well-known Japanese artists.

The Memoirs of Ludendorff are to be published shortly by Messrs. Hutchinson.

Messrs. Cassell have almost ready for publication a remarkable book by Count Czernin, former Foreign Minister of Hungary, giving the inside history of momentous episodes of the war and recording some sensational interviews with the German and Austrian Emperors, the German Crown Prince, Bethmann Hollweg, and other persons once of importance in the enemy countries.

Another notable German war book, "Reflections on the World War," by Von Bethmann Hollweg, which Mr. Thornton Butterworth has in the press, gives the German Chancellor's account of what led up to the war, of the progress of hostilities and what has been happening since they ended. Incidentally, he replies to the censures that have been passed upon him by Count Czernin, Ludendorff and other of his critics.

Mr. Butterworth is publishing also "Old People and the Things that Pass," by Louis Couperus. The book has been translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos and has an Introduction by Stephen McKenna, who describes it as "unquestionably the greatest novel by the greatest living Dutch writer."



Rev. Frederic W. Macdonald,

whose delightful book of reminiscence, "As a Tale that is Told," has just been published by Messrs. Cassell.

The newest of London publishers is Mr. Cobden-Sanderson, who has just opened premises in Thavies Inn, Holborn. He is new only in the superficial sense of the word, for he has had many years of practical experience with Mr. Fisher Unwin, and brings to his undertaking not only sound business qualities but a critical judgment of books and a technical skill in the artistic production of them.

Messrs. Chatto & Windus are publishing "Enjoying Life, and Other Literary Remains, Essays and Sketches," by W. N. P. Barbellion, whose posthumous "Journal of a Disappointed Man" roused so much controversy on its appearance last year

Miss E. W. Savi,
whose new novel, "Banked Fires" was published last month by Messrs. Putnam.

An interesting book of verse that Mr. John Lane has just published is "Poems in Captivity," by John Still. Before the war Mr. Still had lived for many years in Ceylon, but in August, 1914, he returned home to join the Army and took a commission in the East Yorks Regiment. He was sent to Gallipoli, and taken prisoner there, after an action in which almost the whole of his battalion was wiped out. For over three years he was a prisoner in the hands of the Turks, and during that dreary period of too much leisure discovered himself as a poet. The poems in the first part of the volume embody the thoughts, dreams and emotions that came to him in his captivity; those in the latter part hold his memories of Ceylon, its people, its forests, its history. Mr. Still has written also an account in prose of the three years he spent in durance at Constantinople and Afion Kara Hissar, and this will be published also by Mr. Lane, shortly.

Katherine Harrington
(Mrs. Rolf Bennett),
whose new novel, "Felicity," Messrs. Allen & Unwin are publishing.

Messrs. Allen & Unwin are publishing immediately "Felicity," by Katherine Harrington (Mrs. Rolf Bennett), a strongly realistic novel whose sombreness is relieved by the charm of the heroine's character. Mrs. Bennett, who is an Australian, was educated in the Dominican Convent at Adelaide. She was on the stage for several years, and came to England after touring in the Far East with the late Robert Brough's Company. At present, she and her husband are staying in Cornwall, where she is devoting herself to literary work.

In "If All These Young Men," which Messrs. Methuen are publishing, Miss Romer Wilson, the author of "Martin Schuler," tells a story of what some of those young men and women who were forced to stay at home suffered during the war.

Photo by H. B. Parks.
Mrs. M. Leonora Eyles
whose remarkable novel of life among the poor in London, "Margaret Protests" (Erskine Macdonald), was recently reviewed in The Bookman.

Two new novels that Mr. Herbert Jenkins is publishing are "The Taming of Nan," by Ethel Holdsworth, author of "Helen of Four Gates," and "The Booming of Bunkie," a humorous story by A. S. Neill, who will be remembered for "A Dominie's Log," the whimsical tale of his unconventional experiments as a schoolmaster.

The second Number in "The Green Pastures" series (2s. net) published by the Morland Press is "In Memoriam: Edward Thomas," and contains in addition to a very characteristic poem by Thomas, "Up in the Winds," Vivian Locke Ellis's "Sonnets of April," the month in which Edward Thomas was killed in action; an "In Memoriam" sonnet by Julian Thomas; a poem, "Killed in Action," by W. H. Davies; and a vivid personal sketch, "As I Knew Him," by J. W. Haines. The booklet is decorated with designs by James Guthrie.

The Grave of Edward Thomas,
the distinguished critic, essayist and poet, who was killed in the Battle of Arras, April 9th, 1917.

"One of the Lords of No Man's Land, good Lob—
Although he was seen dying at Waterloo,
Hastings, Agincourt and Sedgemoor too,—
Lives yet."
From his poem "Lob."

A first novel which Messrs. Sampson Low are to publish forthwith is "Sunny Ducrow," by Henry St. John Cooper, who is a nephew of the late Clark Russell.

Two important biographies that Messrs. Macmillan announce are "The Life of Lord Kitchener," by Sir George Arthur, Bart., formerly Lord Kitchener's secretary; and the "Life of William Booth, Founder of the Salvation Army," by Harold Begbie. They are publishing this month Mr. Festing Jones's long expected Memoir of Samuel Butler, and, in November, "The Letters of Henry James," edited by Percy Lubbock.

"Materials for the Study of the Apostolic Gnosis," by T. S. Leigh, D.D., and F. Bligh Bond, a book which contains Christian evidence from an entirely unexpected source, will be published this month by Mr. B. H. Blackwell.

A humorous book that never had a boom, but won high praise from such critics as Lord Rosebery, Mr. Birrell and Mr. Belloc, and has gone on selling steadily ever since it first appeared, about thirty years ago, is "The Diary of a Nobody," by George and Weedon Grossmith. Messrs. Arrowsmith, who publish it, are now including it in their two-shilling reprints, and have in preparation a Library Edition which will contain a memoir of the two brothers Grossmith by B. W. Findon.

"Youth! Youth!" a collection of stories that Captain Desmond Coke wrote during the war, will be published shortly by Messrs. Chapman & Hall. The book will contain many illustrations by H. M. Brock.

New volumes in Messrs. Williams & Norgate's admirable "The Making of the Future" series are "Our Social Inheritance," by Victor Branford and Patrick Geddes; and "Provinces of England," by C. B. Fawcett.

The Oxford Press has just issued a new and cheap edition of Mr. Herbert Trench's play, "Napoleon," which we reviewed last month.

Mrs. Mary Gaunt's new novel, "The Surrender and Other Happenings," is to be published this month by Mr. Werner Laurie.

Messrs. Allen & Unwin have ready for publication "The Outer Circle," a new book by Mr. Thomas Burke.

"Plays of the Ridings," three plays in the Yorkshire dialect by the late Professor Moorman, will be published shortly by Mr. Elkin Mathews; who has also in hand three volumes by Lord Dunsany—fresh editions of "The Gods of Pegana" and "The Book of Wonder," and a new book entitled "Unhappy Far Off Things."

Mr. Mathews has discovered a new poet who, hiding his identity behind the pseudonym of "Red Band," has written what distinguished critics who have read it in MS. describe as a very beautiful and poignant poem that he is calling "A Prisoner of Pentonville." The book will be published in the course of the next few weeks.

"Ousting Louise," a new story by Dr. Morgan de Groot, is to be published next week by Messrs. Stanley Paul.

Miss Jessie Duncan Westbrook,

joint translator with Inayat Khan, of "Hindustani Lyrics" (Sufi Publishing Society), reviewed in this Number.

That interesting little "journal of fellowship and freedom," *The Venturer*, starts a new series under new editorship with its October issue, and will be published by the Swarthmore Press, the new name that has been adopted by Messrs. Headley Bros.

Mr. Bernard Shaw has arranged to take the Chair at the To-Morrow Club on December 4th, when Mr. Herbert Thring is to give an address on the Society of Authors.

"A Thin Ghost, and Other Stories," a new collection of weird and gruesome tales by Dr. M. R. James, Provost of Eton, will be published immediately by Mr. Edward Arnold.

Sir Guy Francis Laking, Bart., has written "A Record of Arms and Armour Through Seven Centuries," and the first of its five volumes will be published by Messrs. G. Bell & Sons this year.

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

MISS MARY L. PENDERED.

IT seems to be the pleasant practice of women novelists, who study country life, to depict some particular county or district well known to them as the background and setting of their stories. Probably the fashion was instituted by Jane Austen, more than a century ago, with her delicate studies of Hampshire and Bath. The Brontës followed with their more vivid pictures of the moorlands of Yorkshire, and George Eliot with her charming presentments of Warwickshire. At the present day this specialisation, so to speak, of county novels is very marked. Sussex, in particular, is highly favoured in possessing three such literary artists as Mrs. Henry Dudeney, Miss Violet Simpson, and Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith.

Photo by S. H. Greenway. **Miss Mary L. Pendered.**

Miss Mary L. Pendered is pre-eminently—nay solely—the novelist of Northamptonshire, one of the most typical of English counties. Its situation in the heart of England has left it primitive and unspoiled in the rural districts away from the towns. What strikes a visitor to Northamptonshire most, in spring and summer, is the intense green of the countryside—a land of lush meadows, rich vegetation, wild straying hedges, grass-bordered roads, and waving woodlands which descend from the forests of Whittlebury and Rockingham. This, too, is the aspect which Miss Pendered has conveyed to her best novels and transcribed again and again with never-failing charm—a picture of rich green country and Arcadian delights, of

picturesque thatched cottages set in old-world gardens ablaze with flowers and scented with lavender, and always woods beyond. She draws from the actual scene, for, although born in London, Miss Pendered has, since the age of seven, lived practically all her life in Northamptonshire (with the exception of a few years spent at Beltinge, Herne Bay). Her girlhood was passed at an old house in Wellingborough, but later her family removed to a pleasant property, named Redwell, outside that town, and this is still her home. Wellingborough and the country round is consequently the district of her novels.

But though the scene of her novels may be local and peaceful, their subject matter is sometimes very different, for human passions are not slaked by a draught of green pastoralism and innocence is not indigenous to a cottage. Miss Pendered does not shrink from the facts of life; she has on occasion presented them with considerable courage for one of her sex, and has, in result, not escaped the charge of "immorality" brought against some of her books by inept persons. The most remarkable fact of her literary output is her extraordinary variety. As I have said, several of her novels have been stigmatised as "immoral and too daring": others have been termed "wholesome and sweetly pretty." This, perhaps, has militated against her work becoming a popular success. She has ever declined to write in a groove. The reading public which knows exactly what to expect in the way of sentimental virtues or delicious vices of certain popular lady novelists, who shall here be nameless, is a little shy of a writer who runs up and down the whole scale in her books. The unexpected is not desired by the great majority of novel readers. Those who liked Miss Pendered's "daring" studies of the relations of the sexes were bored by her "wholesome" pastorals, and those who liked the latter were shocked by the former. Consequently, the versatile author has missed the particular following of the established favourite. As she herself has described her variableness:

"I cannot and don't want to write two books alike. I cannot make a name for a certain type of book, because my fancy pulls in so many directions. At one moment I long to write, like Herrick, 'of books, of blossoms, birds and flowers, of April, May, of June and July flowers.' At another time I feel impelled to write of poor, frail, fallen humankind. At another I write of naughty people and their passions. Or again I have a sudden desire to recreate a once living man or woman in biography. Or I feel sententious and wish to spend myself in essays. Or a dramatic inspiration seizes me and I burn to write a play."

Miss Pendered's first novel, "Dust and Laurels," published in 1893, was very well received by press and public, and went into a second edition. *The Literary World* observed that the author's strength lay "in her smart Oscar Wilde paradoxes." It was followed by "A Pastoral Played Out," which the critics decided was an "immoral" book. *The New York Times* gave it three columns of violent abuse, which, however, failed to secure popularity for the novel: the subject—the ruin of a young girl, who eventually murders her illegitimate child—is painful. The book also gives some glimpses of stage life.

The author broke new ground with her third novel, "An Englishman," which Mr. W. L. Courtney described as "a thoroughly wholesome, sympathetic, effective story . . . handled with considerable adroitness and manifesting no inconsiderable originality of characterisation": he classed it as one of the best books of the year (1899). Next came "Musk of Roses," "The Secret of the Dragon," and "Daisy the Minx." The second of these—and the author's favourite work—was a remarkable romance: it dealt with alchemy and what the *Westminster Gazette* termed "the secret whispered through Keats's 'Magic Casements.'"

Miss Pendered now produced in sequence her three most characteristic novels of country life in Northamptonshire. "At Lavender Cottage" contains some excellent portraiture, in particular a very able and successful study of the psychology of a small boy. "Phyllida Flouts Me" describes the villages of the Cranfords near Kettering. "Lily Magic" interprets very finely the spirit of the lovely country of the midland county.

"Plain Jill" and "The Secret Sympathy" (which has been translated into Norwegian) were followed last year by "The Silent Battle-field"—a powerful novel which has brought the author an instalment of the recognition that is her due. It describes the career of an illegitimate boy and his struggle with the world: the title adumbrates his conflict with his own soul. The Eniborough of the story is, of course, Wellingborough. Miss Pendered has also written "The Book of Common Joys" (essays) and, anonymously, "All We Like Sheep" and "The Truth About Man" by A Spinster, which ran through two magazines, and three editions in book form. She has written other works in collaboration, and contributed largely to magazines and newspapers. For nearly a year, in fact, she followed the calling of a journalist in London. But she now lives entirely in the country: no place can be too quiet for her. When not engaged in writing she devotes her time to gardening and music.

Mention must also be made of another book by Miss Pendered in quite a different vein to her novels. In 1910 she produced "The Fair Quaker"—an extremely painstaking and valuable study of Hannah Lightfoot and her relations with King George the Third, which shows considerable biographical skill and a *flair* for discovering evidence and the marshalling of salient facts. Miss Pendered's future career, both as biographer and novelist, will be watched with interest.

S. M. ELLIS.

THE READER.

W. H. HUDSON.

By George Sampson.

WHAT a delightful, fascinating writer is W. H. Hudson! He is the joy of all good readers and the despair of all bad authors. Open any one of his volumes, and in the first paragraph he casts his spell upon you with the deft, irresistible art that seems to know nothing of artifice. His prose appears as natural and unforced as the notes of his own beloved birds, and as full of grace and sunshine. How is it done? Speaking as one who writes with groans and sighs and labour vast, driving the unwilling words into some sort of order, which then ungratefully proves to be not quite the order desired, I can only say that I read him with the blackest envy and the profoundest admiration. There is no better way of getting a short view of his peculiar excellence than a successive reading of "Nature in Downland" and "Wild Life in a Southern County." I protest that I like Richard Jefferies and desire to speak no ill of him, if only because his admirers are many and earnest and would undoubtedly begin looking for me with a gun; but I am bound to say that I do not find him always delightful. He was better at wood-craft than word-craft. Sometimes, and usually when he is most sincere, he is difficult and ungraceful, as if his flow of feeling impeded his utterance; and then sometimes he says too much. Think of "Bevis," which should have been the perfect book for boys, and somehow isn't. Who can help feeling that it fails because Jefferies did not know what to leave out? True, he tried to shorten it later; but he made it even worse because he then left out too much. Grace and charm and shapeliness are not everything, but they are a great deal; and if we are to appreciate the best in literature, we must learn to appreciate fine craftmanship. On the whole we do appreciate the craft of verse, but we often have the air of thinking that prose doesn't matter; and so we cheerfully let our politicians and officials and commercial men do damage to our ear for prose as well as to our wonderfully rich and beautiful language. But we digress! Let us reiterate our gratitude for the excellence of Mr. Hudson's prose.

Photo by Marie Lêon. **W. H. Hudson.**

One outstanding quality of his work is its range and variety. Here he is unique among writers on nature. He is equally at home with mammoths and moths, unlike Fabre, for instance, who seems most strongly attached to the things that attach themselves most strongly to us. Richard Jefferies' kingdom is England south of the Thames, and Gilbert White's Selborne is a narrow plot of ground intensively cultivated; but Mr. Hudson moves with ease and intimacy from La Plata to Land's End, and interests us equally in the copses of the suburbs and the great plains of the unfamiliar Americas. This is a great and admirable quality. The good naturalist is in a way supernatural. He transcends our petty and jealous boundaries and knows nothing of international suspicions. To him a living creature is wonderful and beautiful whether it lives in Surrey or Siberia. The naturalist does not feel bound to love a species because it is British, to suspect a species because it is Russian, and to hate a species because it is German, or to maintain, with admired patriotic fervour, that the British rat is bigger, fiercer and more dangerous than any three foreign rats together. When we can learn to regard the interesting mammal called man with something of the naturalist's large reverence, we shall be the nearer to making this distracted globe into something better than a slaughter-house.

Mr. Hudson has the true naturalist's feeling. He sees in an animal something to be admired and studied, not something to be slain and stuffed or immersed in a bottle of spirit. To the true naturalist it is life that matters, not death; and he can therefore be tender to the things that give me horripilations which I deplore, but cannot help. I sympathise with Stevenson's shuddering exclamation that entomologists must be the bravest

XUM

of God's creatures. No one could accuse Mr. Hudson of writing gush, though his note is always the note of love and wonder. With the repentant Mariner he can exclaim:

"O happy living things! no tongue
Their beauty might declare:
A spring of love gushed from my heart,
And I blessed them unaware"—

except, of course, that "unaware" is the last word he could use of his all-sympathising mind. It is the beauty of "living things," of life itself, that moves him:

"The main thing was the wonderfulness and eternal mystery of life itself; this formative, informing energy, this flame that burns in and shines through the case, the habit, which in lighting another, dies, and albeit dying yet endures for ever; and the sense, too, that this flame of life was one, and of my kinship with it in all appearances, in all organic shapes however different from the human. Nay, the very fact that the forms were unhuman but served to heighten the interest; the roe-deer, the leopard and the wild horse, the swallow cleaving the air, the butterfly toying with a flower, and the dragon-fly dreaming on the river; the monster whale, the silver flying-fish, and the nautilus with rose and purple-tinted sails spread to the wind."

To slay is to be not a naturalist but a collector, and to be a collector of creatures or of wealth, of life or of the means to life, is the sin against the spirit. Are there not postage stamps?

Mr. Hudson's books are not only high in quality but generous in quantity. One or two may have something of a specialist's appeal; but, for general readers, consider what is offered—"The Purple Land," "The Naturalist in La Plata," "Birds in a Village," "Idle Days in Patagonia," "Birds in London," "Nature in Downland," "El Ombú," "Hampshire Days," "Green Mansions," "A Crystal Age," "The Land's End," "Afoot in England," "A Shepherd's Life," "Adventures among Birds," and the fragment of Autobiography published last year, "Far Away and Long Ago," to say nothing of the delightful fairy tale, "A Little Boy Lost"! His latest volume, "The Book of a Naturalist,"* is worthy to rank with the best of its predecessors. In variety it is specially charming. It deals with such diverse subjects as the nature of pine-woods and the bird and insect life therein, the beauty and attractions of rats, adders, serpents, toads, bats and moles, the life (and death) of foxes, the serpent in nature and literature, the dog and the horse, the lamb and the pig, the wasp and the moth, the rook and the heron, and plants as various as the daffodil and the potato. Let us quote him in two aspects, first in anecdotal vein, maintaining from known instances that the dog is not unique in his developed attachment to man—is there not, for example, the lame duck that attached itself to Mr. Caxton, and affectionately followed him up and down in his walk? about which Mr. Hudson sagely remarks that the incident must have been founded on fact, for if Lytton had invented it, it would have been a peacock or a bird of paradise:

"A friend of the writer owned a duck far more worthy of admiration than Bulwer's immortal bird. This was not a domestic duck, but a teal, which he brought down with his gun slightly wounded in the wing, and feeling all at once a strange compassion for it, he tied it up in a handkerchief and carried it to his home in the suburbs of a large town. The captive was turned into a courtyard and its wants attended to; it soon grew accustomed to its new mode of existence, and furthermore became strongly attached to all the members of the family, seeking for them in the rooms when it felt lonely, and always exhibiting distress of mind and anger in the presence of strangers. When a cat or dog was fondled in its presence it would run to the spot, administer a few vindictive blows to the animal with its soft bill, and solicit a caress for itself. The most curious thing in its history was that it took a special liking for its captor, and singled him out for its most marked attentions. When he went away to business in the morning the teal would accompany him to the street door to see him off, returning afterwards contentedly to the yard; and in the afternoon it would again repair to the door, always left open, and standing composedly on the middle of the step wait its master's return—for this teal took count of time. If, while it stood there watching the road, a stranger came in, it would open its beak and hiss and strike at his legs, showing as much suspicion and sense of proprietorship as a dog does when it barks and snaps at a visitor. Its owner's arrival would be greeted with demonstrations of affection and joy, and following him into the house it would spend an hour or two very happily if allowed to sit on his feet or nestle close against them on the hearth-rug."

Now let us try him in his reflective, descriptive mood. He is instructing us how to find adders:

"Not only must the seeker go softly, but he must have a quick-seeking, ever-searching eye, and behind the eye a mind intent on the object. The sharpest sight is useless if he falls to thinking of something else, since it is not possible for him to be in two places at once. To empty the mind as in crystal-gazing is a good plan, but if it cannot be emptied, if thought will not rest still, it must be occupied with adders and nothing else. The exercise and discipline is interesting even if we find no adders; it reveals in swift flickering glimpses a vanished experience or state of the primitive mind—the mind which, like that of the inferior animals, is a polished mirror, undimmed by speculation, in which the extraneous world is vividly reflected."

That is interesting and suggestive in matter as the remarks of any naturalist might be; but is it not also charmingly written—as the remarks of many naturalists sometimes fail to be? In this world where, as yet, man's fullest energies are turned to destruction, where his instant response to life and beauty is the trap and the gun—in this world

"Of dancing dogs and bears,
And wretched blind pit-ponies,
And little hunted hares,"

nothing but good can come of such work as Mr. Hudson's with its sympathy, admiration, humour and cosmic kindness.

* "The Book of a Naturalist." By W. H. Hudson. 16s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

WHAT DRAMATIC CRITICS SHOULD KNOW.*

By W. L. GEORGE.

IT is understandable that critics of the drama should abound, while critics of prose should be few; understandable for two reasons. One is that the critical mind finds itself stage-struck as easily as any suburban girl, and is allured by the atmosphere of the theatre, the lights, the properties, the beautiful young actor

* "European Theories of the Drama." By Barrett H. Clark. $3.50 net. (Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd.)

or actress that draws tears or arouses passion. The other is that drama, in the modern sense, is a new form, and that for the two thousand years preceding Molière it could hardly be distinguished from poetry. Thus critics of poetry were also critics of drama.

It follows that an immense mass of criticism has accumulated through the ages, that much of it is contradictory, and that the critical tradition can be disengaged only by a student ready to labour as any Benedictine monk. Mr. Barrett Clark has undertaken this work, and one might review his activities by saying that he has written the standard book on the subject. "European Theories of the Drama" is only 500 pages long, but it concentrates within its covers everything the dramatic critic should know, and indicates the direction he should follow if he wishes to grow learned. It would of course be too much to ask Mr. Barrett Clark to analyse for us the minor commentators, such as C. F. Armstrong, Benoist, or Borsa; if he had done this his work would have attained six folio volumes. What he does is to select the main theories of the main people, and to add to each of these an enormous bibliography. Thus, if one wishes to follow him further, the facts are there.

Mr. Clark's book, however, suffices for technical criticism. If ever I write a play, I shall be content if my notices come only from men who have read Mr. Clark. For the student will have surveyed the whole field, from Aristotle to William Archer; he will know something of the views of Scaliger, Minturno, Wagner, Victor Hugo; he will have founded his theory on Boileau as well as on Shaw, on Schlegel, and on Brunetière. He will have been well guided, in spite of Mr. Clark's undue insistence on ancient criticism. Speaking as a modern, I have little use for Greek drama *as drama*; it is poetry; but it is not drama; it is difficult to feel interest in the adventures of men who murder their fathers and marry their mothers, or are asked ridiculous riddles by animals escaped from a mythological zoo. Likewise, there is not much to be gained from the mechanical intrigues, the unlikely soliloquies, the absurd asides which infest early Italian comedy, leak into Shakespeare and Molière, and make into a weariness the works of Congreve.

What is obviously useful in this book is the disengaging of the far from obvious view that a play is not a novel, though Brunetière alone says this clearly. It follows that action, and nothing but action can carry a play. Aristotle is clear on this, when saying: "Emotions arise from the combination of incidents rather than from the sight." Horace: "The things which enter by the ear affect men more languidly than such as are submitted to the faithful eyes." Dryden: "Nothing should go into the discourse which may hinder the moving of passions." This may seem obvious, but I think it is worth putting forward, because of late years the tendency of the intellectual drama has been away from action. Drama has become static; it is all very well for Mr. Augustin Hamon to say that in Mr. Shaw's plays there is "psychological action": the truth is that if Mr. Shaw's plays had not been intensely sincere and very witty, they would never have stood up on the stage. Action, and always action, is the test of good drama. If it had action "The Madras House" would be as good a play as "Mrs. Gorringe's Necklace"; Mr. Barker is an intellectual, Mr. Davies was a commonplace playwright . . . but the playwright knew his job. And Alexandre Dumas *fils* agreed that a man without thought might be a good playwright.

Of course, by action one does not mean agitation, as Brunetière puts it, and Freytag agrees that an action in itself is not dramatic. When one man shoots another, that is not drama; when one man hesitates between his desire to shoot and the consequences of the deed, that is drama. The last word on this has been said by Brunetière: "The theatre shows the struggle of the human will against circumstance." There are other considerations, such as the unities of time, place, and action, on which Castelvetro, Molière and Diderot rightly extend; there is the question: "Should drama imitate (Aristotle says 'yes') or interpret?" There is the question of realistic scenery, for which Sir Philip Sidney clamoured. All these matters appear, and are vital, but the main problem is dramatic action; the critic who seeks that first will probably judge well.

It is worth while judging well, for good plays are few and deserve commendation. Beaumarchais may exaggerate when he says: "Plays are like children: conceived with pleasure, carried about before they are born with great fatigue and brought forth in pain; scarcely ever do they recompense their parents, and they cost more sorrow than they give delight"; still they do not come to playwrights in their dreams, and so humbly beg fair treatment. The critic who reads Mr. Clark's book will certainly be preparing to judge with skill and appraise with justice.

EDMUND GOSSE.

By Laurence Binyon.

On the 21st of September Mr. Edmund Gosse celebrated his seventieth birthday. His friends and fellow-authors were unwilling that the occasion should go by unmarked, and united to pay him a tribute of esteem and felicitation in the form of a portrait-bust which is, I believe, to be formally presented to Mr. Gosse when it is finished.

Three score and ten used to be accounted a great and venerable age. But it is hard to associate Mr. Gosse with any thought of age; he does not look his years; he keeps a vigour and activity that many younger men might envy; more than all, he has the secret of youthful mind, alert to fresh impressions; he has never lost the capacity of enthusiasm. At a time of life when writers and artists often grow crusty in their opinions, self-absorbed, and contemptuous of the advancing generation, Mr. Gosse keeps touch with the rising talent, and is ever ready to encourage and give the spur to the promise of youth. Not that every young idol of the day has won his applause. I think he is far from facile in his admirations; there are modern tendencies that do not appeal to him at all; and when he condemns,

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he condemns with candour and decision. But he is less prejudiced probably than most of us, and he is always interested. A generous sympathy with youth and understanding of its ardent struggles and disappointments is not too common; and many are the younger writers who have experienced from Mr. Gosse very real kindness, and help, and encouragement. A great loyalty to the fine tradition of letters, a wish that the torch should be kept alive and radiant, and that the future of English literature should prove worthy of its majestic past—this no doubt inspires an eager interest in the activities of the present and gives warmth to the recognition of a budding gift. I dare say Mr. Gosse would share the feeling that Albert Dürer expressed as he grew old, thinking hopefully and happily of the artists who were to come after him and who should surpass all the achievements of the past.

But we must not, and cannot, think of Mr. Gosse as one whose work is over. He is still active as a writer, and his pen has lost nothing of its natural animation. We are greeting his latest volume, "Diversions of a Man of Letters." And it is as a man of letters—one of a type that grows rarer in these days when writers are so prone to reform the world—as a man to whom literature is a passion even more than a profession, and who cares most jealously and honourably for the dignity of letters and the recognition of that dignity, that we salute Mr. Gosse to-day. In all his writing the flame of this loyalty and enthusiasm burns transparent. He himself has told us in memorable pages the story of his childhood and singular upbringing, and how, against all obstacles and in spite of repression and enforced ignorance, the master cravings of his mind pushed up like a flower to the sun. He had the born writer's love of language for its own sake; the sound of proper names had magic for his ears. Brought up to be absolutely ignorant of all the world of story-books and romance, without sight of any pictures save scientific illustrations, the first chance-won glimpses of literature and art were thrilling as they could never be to children of a later time. If this deliberate starving of the imagination seems a cruel privation, yet it had its recompense. If, reading "Father and Son," we share the intensity of the child's disappointment with Primrose Hill, expecting a mountain absolutely carpeted with shining primroses and finding the suburban mound we know, we share too the intensity of his rapture in the first-heard cadences of Virgil, in the radiant sensuous images of Marlowe's "Hero and Leander." And if Mr. Gosse, as a child, was protected by parental solicitude from the seductions of romantic literature to a degree that seems now hardly credible, he no sooner escaped into the forbidden garden than he seems to have explored its farthest recesses. How greedily, how joyfully, he must have read! And how accomplished an artist he appears already in his first volume of verse, published when he was twenty-three. When "On Viol and Flute" appeared, he had been for some years an Assistant in the Library of the British Museum. Coventry Patmore had by then, I think, retired from the Museum, but another poet, Arthur O'Shaughnessy, who had become an official naturalist, in spite of himself and to the scandal of the zoologists, was a colleague in Bloomsbury. It was in the Museum that Mr. Gosse first set eyes on a greater and more famous poet:

Mr. Edmund Gosse in his Library.

From an etching by Miss Sylvia Gosse.

"Swinburne had fallen in a fit while working in the reading-room, and had cut his forehead superficially against the iron staple of the desk. I was walking along a corridor when I was passed by a couple of silent attendants rapidly

carrying along in a chair what seemed to be a dead man."

It was a strange and dismaying first encounter with one who was afterwards to be so close a friend. At that time Swinburne was at the height of his youthful fame. A whole generation had been swept off its feet by the impetuous rushing music of "Atalanta" and "Poems and Ballads." And when, a few years later, Rossetti's poems emerged at last into the daylight, it seemed that a new period of splendour had once again set in for English poetry. Mr. Gosse was not merely a witness of this dazzling movement, he belonged to the charmed circle.

In the preface to his "Collected Poems" (1911) he has this interesting confession:

"There is nothing in which fashion alters so rapidly as it does in poetry. I have followed every successive change in it with curiosity, and I believe with sympathy. I shall know myself to be old indeed when I can no longer vibrate to the music of the latest poets of our race, and I have not yet found that I am unable to respond to their challenge. But I should make a vain pretence if I presumed to work upon their lines; I admire them in their advance, but I do not attempt to follow it. . . . My technique was determined forty years ago, and what it was it has remained. I believe that a verse-writer learns his business suddenly, at the dawn of manhood, and that he continues in a state of metrical equilibrium till his skill as a craftsman falls from him."

Does the belief expressed in this last sentence partly account for the fact that Mr. Gosse, after putting forth three or four volumes, deserted verse for prose? For it seems to me that whatever an artist's natural medium be, the problems and the fascination of that medium will continue to enthral him and continue to prompt fresh experiment; he will be far from staying in one place, or content with equilibrium. The pressure of actual and of imaginative experience will be always teasing his thought to discover new subtleties of form. However this may be, it would appear that prose, as a medium, has had a more enduring interest than verse for Mr. Gosse; in his prose the accent is more personal and vibrating; and as a prose-writer he has shown an increasing mastery, felicity and ease. It is in set forms like the sonnet that his poetry is most happy; and from a cluster of fine sonnets I will recall this one to the reader, because it seems to me very typical of its author's gift:

A PORTRAIT.

"She hath lived so silently and loved so much
That she is deeply stirred by little things,
While pain's long ache and sorrow's sharper stings
Scarce move her spirit that eludes their clutch;
But one half-tone of music, or the touch
Of some tame bird's eager vibrating wings,
Breaks up the sealéd fountain's murmurings
To storm, or what in others might seem such;
So when she lifts her serious lids to turn
On ours her soft and magical dark eyes,
All womanhood seems on her, in disguise;
As on the pale white peacock we discern
The pencilled shadows of the radiant dyes
And coloured moons that on her sisters burn."

Photo by G. C. Beresford. **Mr. Edmund Gosse.**

A new portrait.

Already in 1872 Mr. Gosse is addressing a poem to Henrik Ibsen in expectation of the forthcoming "Emperor or Galilean"—long years before that master's name had become a battle-cry to the "advanced," or had made the hair of Clement Scott to stand on end, or had been so much as whispered to the British public. And in 1879 appeared "Northern Studies," the fruit of much reading in the Scandinavian languages and of travel in Scandinavian countries. Here Mr. Gosse was truly a pioneer. Before this he had been translated from the Museum to the Board of Trade. There followed a long series of prose works; literary history, biographies, and essays, interrupted by what, I think, is an isolated adventure into fiction—"The Secret of Narcisse," a remarkable story, which makes one wonder a little that its author did not further explore this field. But Mr. Gosse's peculiar combination of gifts finds most intimate and triumphant expression in a kind of literary portraiture. As a critic he does not deal, like Arnold, in the large and luminous application of general ideas to literature so much as try to bring out with delicate and vigorous strokes the most expressive features in the subject of his study. He is at his best when the human interest, not less than the literary, is engaged: he is at his very best when writing of men whom he has actually known. Who can forget such pictures as that of Walt Whitman in his home at Camden, or that of Swinburne at an evening party? It is here that Mr. Gosse's genius for portraiture gets full play with its sustained vivacity and incisiveness, mellowed by the suffusion of an imaginative, slightly malicious humour. As a literary historian Mr. Gosse has ease and point and a light control of his material, qualities rarer with us than with the French. Few Frenchmen indeed possess his knowledge of France and of French literature; and of contemporary movements in French poetry and fiction he has been, and is, an enlightened and sympathetic interpreter. But of Mr. Gosse's many books I suppose every one would agree that one surpasses all the rest in beauty and power; and that is "Father and Son." There are few books of our time

for which such a claim might be ventured; but this, I think, we feel to be a destined classic, one of the masterpieces, unique in its kind. The portrait of the Father in that book is something never to be forgotten, so profoundly human is it with all its extreme singularities; and it is touched with the rarest art, the finest feeling. And around that dominating yet pathetic figure how the lesser characters, even the most transient, group themselves in that strange atmosphere, each in a few strokes so alive and real!

All who love letters and the art of letters will congratulate Mr. Gosse on the ripe achievement of his busy life. He has attained the position, recognised abroad, of what one might call the ambassador of English Letters; and there is no one who could fill that unofficial post with such grace, authority and animation.

W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM, PLAYWRIGHT AND NOVELIST.

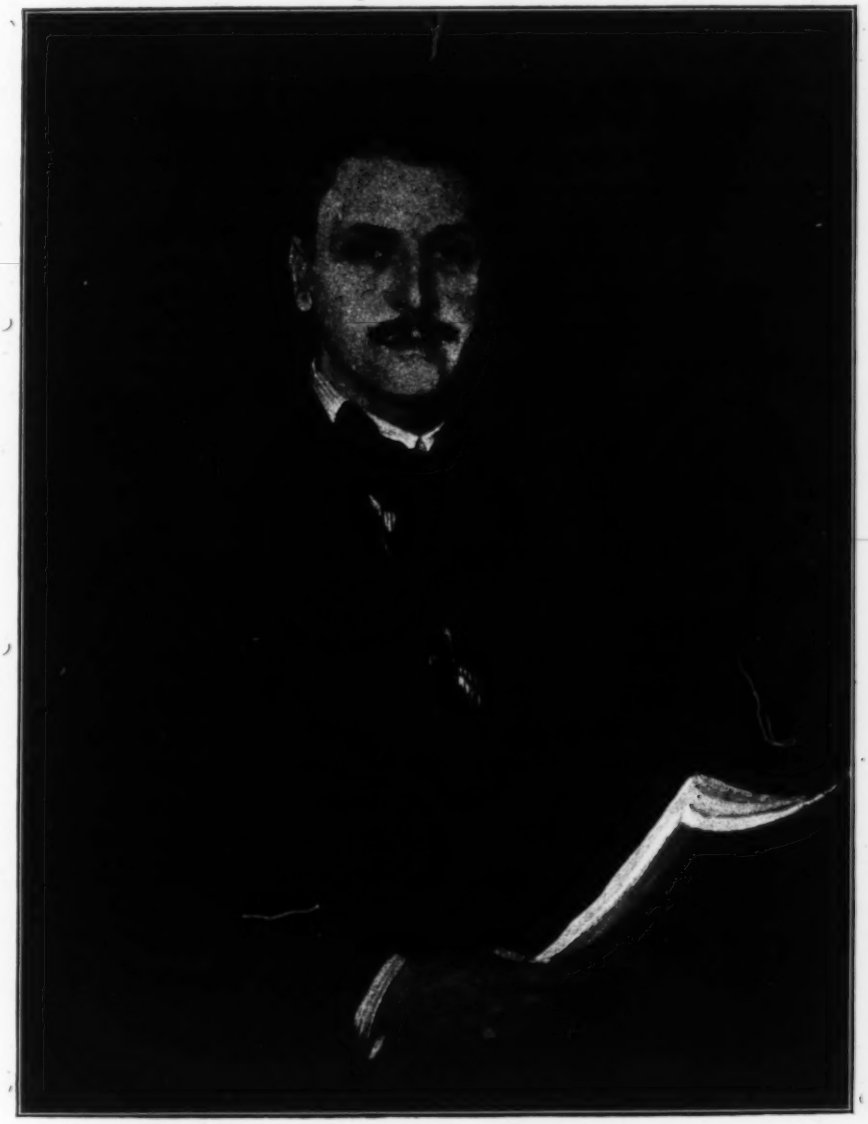
By J. P. Collins.

MR. SOMERSET MAUGHAM has stood for years among my arrears of conscience. That is to say, after a working acquaintance as an old reviewer with his half-dozen novels, and as an old and grateful playgoer with his score or more of comedies, the fancy came of late to go through them again and see if they would pass on second or third reading. So far from proving a holiday task, they gave the holiday a double zest, and I can heartily recommend a run through Mr. Maugham's writings as a post-war tonic. The thing to stipulate is that the reader must be modern-minded and the reverse of squeamish, especially about the seventh commandment. So much said, it remains to give the best advice of all, and that is to read Mr. Maugham, as I have done, in the green core of his own breezy county of Kent.

The first book Mr. Maugham launched upon the public could hardly have been, considering its slight dimensions, a clearer indication of the fearless line he was to follow. "Liza of Lambeth" came at a time when Gissing and Morrison were still a force, and the odour of mean streets was accepted as synonymous with literary honesty and courage. There is certainly no lack of either about his idyll of Elizabeth Kemp of the lissom limbs and auburn hair, but with all allowance for the racy dialect, the frolics of the Chingford "beano," the rueful futility of the faithful Thomas, and the engaging callousness of Liza's mother, the effect upon the reader is one of crudity of set purpose, and an interval of twenty years' acquaintance only makes it, on repeated reading, seem cruder still. No artist of experience setting out upon a traverse from gaiety to gloom would allow his hand to appear so flagrantly; and no practitioner who wanted to do anything but make our flesh creep would admit such a double blow, to the reader and the heroine alike, as occurs at the climax of Jim Blakiston's hefty love-making. Every time one reads of the downfall of "Liza," one cannot help feeling that if she had perished in manuscript under a veto from the publisher's adviser, the lesson might have spurred the author to gain that mastery in fiction which he seems somehow to have disdained. And his next study in feminine portraiture showed how far he could travel towards perfection.

"Mrs. Craddock"—which I take to be Mr. Maugham's best work as a novelist—is a sex-satire punctuated by four curtains, two of tragedy, and two of comedy. This mixture of opposites should be enough to damn it in the eyes of a public intent upon classifying everything by means of labels, and on making everything so classified stick to its label like grim death. Yet the unclassifiable may flourish, and does, when its merit is beyond dispute. It is so long, reckoned by the "speedometer" of war and peace, since the nineties when "Mrs. Craddock" made her bow in covers, that one forgets the kind of reception she met; the only safe thing to bet is that she was fully a decade ahead of her time. Victorian influences were still alive, and the modern cry for well-to-do women to occupy themselves with something to justify their existence was still in the nature of a novelty, so that this lay-sermon against the intellectual lady-idler may have seemed less *à propos* than we know it to be now. If Mr. Maugham were writing it again, he would pack Edward Craddock off to France as a major of Territorials, and invest his wife with a posthumous decoration instead of sending him to his death in a fox-chase, and her to a contrite widowhood. But then there would be even chances that Gerald, the dissolute boy, might go out and perish afield with just as much credit, and the heroine be left to torture memory as fiercely as ever on the dilemma of romance and remorse. It is likelier still that, in these morbid days, Mr. Maugham would have given himself rather more rein with Bertha Craddock's disappointment as a mother—the one episode which satisfies us by the test of probability, and exalts her for the moment from a self-tormenting neurotic into a kind of Niobe.

Even in the fuller light of experience, however, he could hardly have bettered this study of an impulsive and exigent woman rising at the outset to the height of a bold and womanly choice in defiance of social prejudice and family tradition, and then relapsing under the disillusions of marriage into the worst and weakest failings of her class. The love that might have saved her, steadily evaporates; the child that might have drawn the ill-assorted pair together, proves to be still-born; and the success that comes to Edward as a landholder and a local magnate makes him all the more odious and misunderstood to this embittered wife of his. Whether or not the author wrote the story as an experiment in alienation of sympathy, it would be hard to say; but he certainly succeeds in shifting the reader's sympathy from wife to husband, and in restoring the true balance between character and mere culture. The process gains immensely by the exquisite chapter of farce in which Mrs. Craddock is forced to hear her worthy



After the painting by Gerald Kelly

W. Somerset Maugham.

Kindly lent by Mr. Heinemann.

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spouse go stodging through a political speech which stamps him in her eyes a hopeless clodpate, and then to hear the haughty dames whose criticism she has always dreaded, acclaim him as a patriot and a saviour of his country. After that the fox-chase finish comes by way of an anti-climax, like the watery ending of "Beauchamp's Career," and one's sense of irony would have been satisfied by a lighter crisis, say, the promotion of Edward to administrative honours as an agriculturist, and a life peerage, so as to complete the discomfiture of Bertha's ancestral pride. In the days when he wrote this novel Mr. Maugham may have shied at the device of a title as something hackneyed and impossible, but a death in the hunting-field was very little better, and it is not improved by the rather poor premonition which dawns upon us earlier in the chapter. What is worse, it seems clumsy and resourceless compared with the ironic key of the book at its best, such as rings, for instance, in a passage half-way through:

"Mr. Craddock's principles, of course, were quite right; he had given her plenty of run and ignored her cackle, and now she had come home to roost. There is nothing like a knowledge of farming, and an acquaintance with the habits of domestic animals, to teach a man how to manage his wife."

One hears one's feminine acquaintance snorting at boomerang comments like these, but they will do well to read this book steadily through. I would even make it a textbook in post-graduate courses, alongside "The Egoist," or some such corrective of sex vanity. Sometimes I wonder how on earth the pundits of Paris could sit all day for months and yawn over protocols and Leagues about reconciling nations and adjusting tariffs, when the crucial question of the race is the approximation and mutual comprehension of the sexes. It might not improve the girl-graduate's opinion of mere man to have him pictured like the smug eupeptic that Edward Craddock is, but at least it would cure her of the folly of asking for honeymoons to be made of evergreen cheese.

If "Liza of Lambeth," as we have seen, was a raid into realism, and "Mrs. Craddock" a successful venture into sex-psychology, it was tolerably certain we should find other experiments among Mr. Maugham's other novels, and of these the most ambitious is "Under Human Bondage." The title in itself is typical of the author's determination not to mince matters or camouflage his wares with sugar "icing" or the bravery of the poster. Nor is the work less laborious than the title threatens. A chronicle of three hundred thousand words is not lightly written or lightly read, and the story of Philip Carey unmistakably belongs to the school of the panoramic story which has come in secular waves with "Clarissa" and "Wilhelm Meister," with "Le Juif Errant" and "Jean Christophe." Centrifugal energy may account for these lava-breaks on the part of authorship, nor is the public likely to object so long as it remains addicted to "the lumping penn'orth." But there is no real vitality in this kind of megalomania, and the rules of economics will prevent publishers in the end from encouraging authors to combine a maximum of letterpress with a minimum of plot. The vogue of "Sinister Street" is already dead, you may say, because its aim was to accumulate detail and eliminate invention or relief.

Mr. Maugham's book excels most of its rivals because it has at least an outward shape which they have not, and those who read it attentively will find no difficulty in marking off its undenoted sections—Canterbury, Heidelberg, Montmartre, Mildred, Medicine, Millinery, and Marriage. Something like a hundred pages goes to each division but the last, and this supplies a welcome pretext for the story's stopping like a clock. There was no earthly reason why we should be debarred from the connubial confidences of Sally Athelney any more than we were from the intimacy of her several predecessors in Philip's affections; but even abrupt respectability has its claims, and Philip is nothing if not a creature of impulse. At every stage of the story you rub your eyes to discover whether the club-foot is a key to his character or merely a plea for sympathy; but at no stage do you discover enough evolution in the man to justify the story's length. Its best passages are the wrangles about art and morality, the sharp contrast between environments, and the longings to get away to that dreamland, Spain. One almost sees that if the author had not already written an Andalusian travel-book, it is to Spain the story would have taken us, and it might easily have made a better background for Philip than the studio-slums of Paris or the purlieus of Vauxhall. As it is, he strikes us as a Christian who is no Christian, making a Progress which is no Progress, and preferring the slough of dilettantism and self-reproach to anything in the way of steady effort and self-control. When he emerges from the medical morgues of St. Thomas's and drops into Mildred's tea-shop, you would never dream, if you didn't know your London, that there intervenes all the wonder and inspiration of Westminster Bridge. An exclusion of healthy "reflexes" is characteristic of the book and its class. It remains a kind of descriptive quarry for lesser men to plunder, rich in violent emotionalism, eccentric episodes, range of character, and unbridled dialogue.

To couple Mr. Maugham's novels and plays together by what divines call the "synoptic" method is to come to the inexorable conclusion that he has made the one a stepping-stone for the other. He has used fiction, in a word, as the roughing-in ground, the modelling clay, for the more assured perfection of his work upon the stage. No one can read the two versions of "The Explorer" without seeing the process and admitting the point. Other men have produced play first and published the story afterwards, but who has ever met any such instance without feeling that the story had been the anterior form—in a fallow and unwritten condition perhaps, but still pre-existent to the play? "The Merry-Go-Round" is another of Mr. Maugham's stories written almost idly in disregard of plot, it seems to me, since the book is simply a fagotage of ill-assorted couples where the women invariably get the worst of it, and the men never labour under the slightest sense of expiation, except perhaps in the way of discomfort or insolvency. The middle chapters yield more than one episode which the author has turned to account in the way of drama. Some expert book on stagecraft years ago, I remember, praised the last act in "Landed Gentry" for the dexterity with which Grace is spared the shame of an awkward disclosure, and there may have been ill-humoured and

undiscerning critics who explained the device away as dictated by regard for the sentimental pit or a search for novelty. But when you turn from the text of the play to the seventh chapter of "The Merry-Go-Round," you see how much the position has gained from restraint and elaboration. So far as concerns the issues at stake, the predominance of caste and code over natural feeling, the two versions are about equal; and in so far as the author has not had to consider the emotional scope of a particular actress, the novel has a marked advantage. But in point of artistry the play has finish and superiority, and the story seems unlicked and hasty by comparison, though no one can surely hold that "Landed Gentry" is a finished piece of work by any means. It is inferior, for instance, to "The Tenth Man" in power and reality of appeal, in the clash of character, and in legitimately framed effect. Here again Mr. Maugham has drawn for his climax upon a scene in "The Merry-Go-Round" and made true metal of what had been merely ore in the rough. Thus at point after point one is forced to the conclusion that he has expended patience and skill upon the theatre which he might have very well bestowed in fairer measure on his stories.

Curiously it is in "The Explorer," one of the slightest of his books, that he shows what an easy command he possesses over the story-form pure and simple. It is hard to accept Helen's attitude, first of disbelief in her hero, and then of surrender. You feel that there is somehow no sufficient pretext for her second change, since a woman so deep-set in her principles would hardly waive them for the sake of an affection she had abjured. At any rate, the book is much more than the study of a strong man trampling on calumny, or even the outcrop of hereditary taint in character under new conditions; and if one were asked to name an example in English of the finished shorter novel, such as French fiction has produced so brilliantly and so often, "The Explorer" might very well stand. It is certainly a long way ahead of a clever extravaganza like "The Moon and Sixpence," which draws for its lightness and humour chiefly upon its title, and for its invention chiefly upon an insufferable whimsicality. Ranking last in order of chronology, it may fitly conclude this survey of a remarkable and original tale of work, one which suffers not from any want of consistent and versatile ability behind its author's pen, but simply because he has given too many of his book-creations impulse instead of motive, and casual shape instead of artistic form. They are effects without a cause, and possibly that is why so many of their actions are the same. Mr. Maugham's books are transcripts, not of life as a tolerable whole, but of phases which suit his rather arbitrary treatment, and if we fall into impatience with them now and then, it is because he seems to take impatience as the note of the age in which we live. After all, if you get out of temper with one of his novels, there is an excellent remedy: you can always read the play.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

OCTOBER, 1919.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.4.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV. and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best *original* lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best account in not more than a hundred and fifty words of prose of how I Celebrated Peace. (The Prize of Three New Books will be offered next month for the best note in not more than a hundred and fifty words on which character in fiction you would recommend as an ideal husband or wife, and why.)

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

NOTE.—We have had to give so much space in this Number to our Special Twenty-four Guineas Prize Competitions that announcement of Results in our usual monthly Competitions is held over until next month, and the time for sending in extended accordingly.

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THE BOOKMAN SPECIAL TWENTY-FOUR GUINEAS PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

RESULTS.

The total number of replies received in these Competitions has been larger than in any Competition THE BOOKMAN has yet conducted. The lyrics exceed in quantity the contributions received in any of the other sections, but the essays are almost as numerous, and in all four the average level of merit is very satisfactory, that of the humorous verse being rather below the other three. After careful consideration, we make the following awards:

I.—LYRICS.

The FIRST PRIZE of £3 3s. is awarded to Gertrude Pitt, of 8, Wyndham Crescent, London, N.19; the SECOND PRIZE of £2 2s. to G. Laurence Groom, of 52, Lodge Drive, Palmer's Green, London, N.13; and the THIRD PRIZE of £1 1s. to H. C. Coales, of Gara Rock, Salcombe, South Devon, for the following:

THE LOOK.

As I were climbin' Jacob's Tor,
A soldier-lad came ridin' doun:
He stopped an' passed the time o' day
An' asked how far to Plymouth toun.

I told him, that were all: he took
The path that goes towards the sea.
I turned to watch him out o' sight . . .
An' he were lookin' back at me.

He waited. Like a stone I stood,
Shamed to be caught, yet somehow bound
To give him look for look: his lips
Moved as to speak, but made no sound.

It seemed a life-time we did look:
As drounin' folk may do, they say,
I thought of every little thing
I'd ever done. . . . He rode away.

Tremblin' an' smilin' I did sit,
And watched the larks an hour or more
Fly up against the golden light
Wi' songs I'd never heard avore.

* * * * *

Jan's heavy breathin' by my side . . .
All else be quiet and still. I fret
And long for day. How can I sleep
When tears do make my pillow wet?

GERTRUDE PITT.

THE SHIP OF DESTINY.

"What of yon ship, old sailor-man,
With sails o' the sunshine gold?"
"A vessel no priest may bless or ban,
For Love is the helmsman bold.
And hither and thither,
No mortal knows whither,
We speed as the world grows old."

"What is your freight, good sailor-man?"
"Sweet maids and brave lads, my dear,
With hearts a-smart in the world's cruel mart,
Undaunted by pain or fear:
And young feet aweary,
Like yours are, my deary,
Come—sail for a day and a year!"

"What is the fare, kind sailor-man?"
"A smile—or a tear, maybe,
And a wish wished ere ever the world began,
The dream of a soul set free.
See! the sails are unfurled,
For the edge o' the world,
And the dream winds rise from the sea."

"What will Love say, old sailor-man?
My gown is of hodden grey,
And my cloak so thin that the spray drifts in
And I'm barefoot this many a day.
Look, my hands are worn,
And my poor heart torn
With wounds that no lips may say!"

"What will Love care? O foolish maid!
He will crown you with stars from the skies,
Your robe shall be made of the prayers you've prayed,
And he treasures the jewels of your eyes."
And hither and thither,
No mortal knows whither,
The fair ship of Destiny flies!

G. LAURENCE GROOM.

FUGITIVE.

[*There is a legend in various parts of England and Wales that the devil, with a pack of demon hounds, rides through the night and hunts evil-doers to the gates of hell.*]

Speed, my horse, the night falls fast,
The huge moths hurry blindly past,
The lean moon totters up the sky
And down the wind—
(Oh, hurry! hurry!)
I hear the demon huntsman's blast!

Before thy starting nostrils stark
The trees stand, silent, damned and dark,
Troll haunted glades that thick the blood—
But, far behind—
(Oh, hurry! hurry!)
I hear the hounds' mad bay and bark!

Breast the lake that looms before,
The mandrakes scream and drip with gore,
The nixies stretch their thin green arms
Lily-hung—
(Oh, hurry! hurry!)
They ring around us more and more!

Yonder through that moonlit glade
See'st thou beckon the eldritch maid?
And black gnomes snatch at the bridle chain
With horrid laugh!
(Oh, hurry! hurry!)
The dogs of darkness nearer bayed!

Why are my hands with blood asmart?
Why does my dagger leap and start?
Why is my heart a searing flame?
And my hands numb?
(Oh, backward! Backward!)
The gates of hell before us part!

H. C. COALES.

We also select for printing:

THE PRAYER.

My little son of four,
The long day's playtime being o'er,
Had wearied with his joy,
And, with a lov'd and crumpled toy
Clasp'd in a chubby hand,
Been Mother-led
To welcome bath, and bed,
And slumber-land.

There, fragrant as a new-blown rose,
From curly head to curling toes,
He lay:
And I, as is my way,
Stole up the quiet stair
To hear his pray'r
And tell him all was right;
To kiss and leave him there
In keeping of the Night.

As, then, amid the gloom
Of gath'ring dusk, I stepped into the room
And lifted the small, drowsy head,
He sigh'd with weariness, and said:
"Oh, Daddy. Can I say
A *little* prayer to-day?"
And kneeling up, to keep
His earnest soul from sleep,
He said two words: "Our Farver" . . . paused a while;
And whisper'd out: "Amen! . . ."
And then upon his baby face a smile
Of grave content, he fell
Into the dreams he'd earn'd so well.
And I, in silence, bent
And kissed the child—and went,
Knowing that all was good;
That He, the Hearer, Who
Is God—but Father, too—
Had mark'd the little pray'r
And, stooping there,
Had smiled—and understood!

(S. Elliott Napier, Sergeant, A.I.F., Cedar Bank, Diamond Terrace, Greenwich.)

THE LITTLE TOWN THAT WAS.

Underneath her martyr-crown, burnt and broken, shattered down,
There she stands, a ruin dread, desolate, with beauty dead,
That was once a little town.

Her unnumbered tragedies, torn earth, mutilated trees,
Her blind windows and dumb doors, her shell-shattered walls and floors,
All are silent witnesses.

Thro' the ravaged fields around, o'er the scarred and cross-marked ground,
Runs the crimson poppy-flood, but she knew the fields of blood,
And the dreadful battle-sound.

For she heard the anguish'd cries, heard the great guns shake the skies—
And the windows of stain'd glass, which her little church still has,
Glimmer out like tearful eyes.

Burnt and broken, shattered down—once she was a little town!
And the soul that all towns have still survives her ashen grave
Underneath her martyr-crown.

(Phyllis Erica Noble, Link Lodge, 9, Forest Rise, Walthamstow, London, E.17.)

MY LADY OF THE MEADOW.

The daisies are the face of her,
All pinky-white and sweet,
The velvet grass the gown of her,
The tinkling stream her feet.

A man might kiss her blushing cheek,
A maid her robe admire,
A child would run at once to clasp
Her necklet bright as fire.

For buttercups, like gleaming gold,
On her fair bosom lie,
While tiny dewdrops, silver white,
Are caught in her deep eye.

Her gown with blue forget-me-nots
Embroidered at the hem,
Is spread out in its loveliness
And bound with leaf and stem.

All fragrant is the breath of her
With clover or with may,
All musical the voice of her
As song-birds soar away.

First Prize. **By V. D. Goodwin.**

Illustrating title of "The Untamed," by Max Brand (Putnams).

Though she has ever beauties new
To captivate my heart,
Perhaps her perfect passiveness
Is her most perfect art.

She's fair if I go down at dawn,
Fair if at dusk we meet,
And I—I love each bit of her,
My Lady—Meadowsweet!

(Frances Burn, St. John's Vicarage, Kimberley, South Africa.)

O GOLDEN HEAD.

O golden head, that I caressed
In sunny hours for ever fled,
That lay, and looked so strangely blest,
On this poor coat. O golden head!

Once more this solemn grove I pace,
Where we in joy were wont to stray;
The oak is in his ancient place,
But thou, my soul! art passed away.

When I recall those radiant years,
Each shy, fond glance that made me proud,
Ah, measureless my loss appears,
And on my breast my head is bowed.

Why should I toil on thus in ways
I loathe, for laurels I despise;
Befooled by lips that falsely praise,
Still, still unblest by thy true eyes?

The world's awards are void and vain,
Since from my bosom thou art fled.
Such honour ne'er can fall again
To coat of mine. O golden head!

(John D. Ware, 9, Oxford Park, Ilfracombe.)

SONG FOR MUSIC.

Home the swallow to his nest goes flying,
When the sunlight fades to sunset's hue!
So at evening when the twilight closes,
Turn my weary thoughts, my dear, to you.

Fleet the swallow as he homeward flieth,
Swift as singing arrow through the blue;
Yet my thoughts outspeed the homing swallow
When at dusk they turn, dear love, to you.

(Esther Parker Ellinger, 12, W. 25th Street, Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.)

We select for special commendation the lyrics by Violet Walker (Whitehaven), A. M. Christie (Torquay), Mary Yelland (Lincoln), Tinsley Pratt (Northenden), Cyril G. Taylor (Edinburgh), S. Gertrude Ford (Bournemouth), Morton Luce (Weston-super-Mare), Laurence Tarr (Forest Gate), Percy Allott (London, E.C.), Winifred Barnes (Malvern), Nancy Pollok (Glasgow), A. Howarth (Port Elizabeth, South Africa), Rachel Bates (Great Crosby), Margaret K. McEvoy (Cricklewood), Alicia Sheridan (Orpington), Brian Hill (Loughton), Alice W. Linford (London, N.), Robert Sloss (London, S.W.), M. Warrener (Leeds), Violet Gillespie (Hammersmith), Mrs. T. D. Hawkins (Ealing), I. M. Miller (Ukley), Judith Wickham Greenwood (Gibraltar), Rev. Dr. Rosslyn Bruce (Edgbaston), Barbara MacIver (Dingwall), Oswald H. Harland (Scarborough), Beryl Carter (Bexhill), Mary Carolyn Davis (New York), Beatrice Skelton (Forest Gate), Bertha Smithworth Dalby (Southport), Maidstone Power (Shrewsbury), Dorothy M. Bunn (Hayes), Lena Margaret Small (Edinburgh), G. N. Goodman (Lahore), George Savill (Brockley), J. A. Bellchambers (Highgate), May Herschel-Clarke (Woolwich), Editha Jenkinson (Harrogate), "Marcion" (Winchester), Agnes Strong (London, S.W.), "Ethel" (London, W.), Elsie M. Meredith (Bideford), Madeline Constance Munday (Newbury), Vivienne Dayrell (Worthing), M. H. Robertson (Herne Bay), P. S. N. Aswarth (Madras), Brenda Duncan (Croydon), Mary Somerville (Caen, France), Rev. Llynfi Davies (Swansea), Edwin Faulkner (Exmouth), Marjorie Crosbie (Wolverhampton), Ruby K. Mundy (Bournemouth), Arthur Holmes (Salisbury), T. Gray (Glasgow), E. Morley (Hull), E. Leslie Gunston (Wimbledon), J. R. Wilmot (Birkenhead), M. Revell (Downe), A. G. Ryland (Birmingham), Lucy Malleson (London, W.), May Basham (Bassaleg), Leo I. D. Gamble (Johannesburg), Ivan Adair (Dublin), Tamar Faed (Edinburgh), Egbert Sandford (Haulbowline), Kathleen E. Douglas (Salisbury), Malcom Hemphrey (Farnborough), Esther Raworth (Harrogate), Leland Davis (New York), J. Cuthbert Scott (Cheltenham), P. Marshall Hill (Doncaster), N. Pallant Cassera (Kilburn), C. R. Price (Wellington), Vernon H. Porter (Clapton), Rev. Robt. Armstrong (Ripon), Olive Searle (Lincoln), George S. Astins (Harlesden), Enid M. Norman (Somerset), Esther Parker Ellinger (Baltimore), Rosa E. Barnett (Bridgwater), W. Barras (Malvern), Hoyt H. Hudson (Cleveland, Ohio), R. Scott Frayn (Timperley), Richard S. Baker (Dudley), Arthur Payne (Sheffield), C. B. Ayrton (London, N.W.), Robert Watson (Vernon, B.C.), Kate Anderson (Ottery-St.-Mary), John Earl Rose (Bristol), Helen Douglas Adam; R. W. Fenton (Birstall), Evelyn E. Davey (Lowestoft), J. P. du Parcq (Dulwich), Helen Mitcham (London, N.), Rev. H. C. Waddell (Howth), S. R. Noyes (Parys, South Africa), J. Ewart Griffiths (Worcester), Harold Matthews (Malvern), Edith Irvine-Jones (Edinburgh), J. Frew Dougall (Glasgow).

II.—ESSAYS ON MY FAVOURITE AUTHOR.

Easily first favourite with the great majority of our competitors is Dickens; then comes Scott; then Stevenson and Lamb. Wells is chosen by some forty essayists; Barrie and Kipling by nearly as many; after them, with from two to six essays apiece, come Hardy, Charlotte Brontë, Thackeray, Hugh Walpole, Borrow, W. J. Locke, Wordsworth, Jane Austen, Arnold Bennett, George Eliot, Conrad, Gissing, Mary Mann, Charles Reade, Trollope, Chesterton, Ainsworth, Shakespeare, Leonard Merrick, Shaw, A. C. Benson, Matthew Arnold, J. E. Buckrose, Richard Jefferies, Turgenev, Mark Rutherford, Compton Mackenzie, Macaulay, E. F. Benson, Meredith, Mary Johnston, Maurice Hewlett, Blackmore, Ruskin, Browning, Galsworthy, Carlyle, Emerson, R. H. Benson, Francis Thompson, Whitman, Ralph Connor, Washington Irving, Beatrice Harraden, Arthur Symons; and the large variety of authors who are each in favour with only one competitor include Hawthorne and Mrs. Humphry Ward; Jerome and Tennyson; Mary Cholmondeley and Sir Thomas Browne; Swift and O. Henry; Oscar Wilde and Thomas à Kempis; Synge and Lord Morley; Pater and Oliver Wendell Holmes; Edward Carpenter and Maeterlinck; Balzac and Algernon Blackwood, and a goodly catholic selection of others, living or dead.

The FIRST PRIZE of £3 3s. is awarded to W. Kent, of 67, Union Road, Clapham, S.W.; the SECOND of £2 2s. to Robert Ainsworth, of 63, Park Road, Darwen, Lancashire; and the THIRD of £1 1s. to the Rev. F. T. Harkness Graham, B.D., of 103, Fotheringay Road, Maxwell Park, Glasgow, for the following:

MARK RUTHERFORD.

Mr. Massingham's prediction, that when the tale of Victorian literature is fully and truly told the name of Mark Rutherford will lead all the rest, has not received much support from the critics, and probably such a confession of faith has provoked many disdainful smiles. Perhaps it is inevitable, for the appeal of Rutherford is not to the crowd; it is wise to touch the pulse of a man's

life before you recommend his books, and the early Laodicean rarely becomes a late disciple. But if he does not survey mankind from China to Peru that is no reason for decrying Rutherford's merits and treating him, as some do, as one who, in Johnson's phrase, carved on cherry stones. Having devoted high art to poor material, he is dismissed as the novelist of Victorian nonconformity, and the uninitiated are led to suppose that he narrates nothing but pleasant and amusing trifles like "Cranford."

This is grievously to misunderstand Rutherford, who seeks to fathom spiritual depths without regard to geographical or historical limits. "I have sometimes thought,' says Baruch Cohen, "that the love of any two persons in this world may fulfil an eternal purpose which is as necessary to the Universe as a great revolution." Rutherford loves to praise obscure heroes who never acted on spacious stages but whose "aching hands and bleeding feet" make life's pathway easier for future pilgrims. The Blanketeers and the inhabitants of Cowfold epitomise in their lives universal struggle, and the only insignificant people to him are those who grow no soul and exhibit simply features pitiably plastic to the pressure of the society in which they live. It is not to travel sympathetically with his spirit to regard him as merely a war correspondent of sectarian strife. He sympathises strongly with dissent, cradled amidst Bunyan's descendants he could hardly do otherwise, but to him the significance of a conventicle is more as the alternative to convention than as a rival to the parish church. It is rather in the larger and Emersonian sense that "every man must be a nonconformist" that he is interested in dissent, and many of his characters, when we leave them, far from being concerned about liturgies and church rates, hardly conform to nonconformist canons.

It is astonishing that in these times of political turmoil Rutherford's books are so neglected. His writings are aflame with passion against political oppression; his pen becomes at times as potent a weapon as Carlyle's, and he has a style superior to his in lucidity. It was pleasing to see recently a reference in the *Daily Herald* to "The Revolution in Tanner's Lane," the finest of political novels, but I fear to most Labour M.P.s it is a sealed book. Many would be surprised and few unmoved by the pathetic picture of Zacharian Coleman seeking employment. For imaginative power and telling and incisive strokes, this delineation of the *via dolorosa* of the labouring man cannot be surpassed. Yet Rutherford never feeds rebellion for rebellion's sake; he never stimulates a wanton and merely fractious destructiveness that would prefer the world as a wilderness to the slightest inequality. Coleman, in his economic battles, stems the tide of bitter thought with literature; in an inward world of the mind he fortifies his courage in grappling with the world of sense.

Still finer is Rutherford's ministry to the mind diseased, and he is so able a physician because, a spiritual realist like Bunyan, he never hesitates to cut deep and to reveal nakedly the pangs of life. But rarely does he fail to find healing. He traces with wonderful insight what George Eliot called the unmapped country of the human heart, and strikes waters of consolation from the most unpromising rocks. He appeals particularly to those who have left their early religious moorings. He does not love to poison wells at which others are refreshed He is not of those who, interested in vestiges of creation, view with nothing but pharisaical cynicism the vestiges of past philosophies and religions. He is progressive, and progress to him is not skimming the surface but ploughing the depths: he would have the light of intellect burn with increasing brightness, but he would also (in the words of the poet whose spirit was so closely akin to his) "guard the fire within."

W. Kent.

Second Prize. **By Private R. F. Hopes, 11th Batt. Suffolk Regiment.**

Illustrating title of "For Remembrance" (Hodder & Stoughton).

BLAISE PASCAL (1623–1662.)

Many years ago, when Lord Macaulay was the god of my boyish idolatry, I alighted upon, and lingered over, a thought-provoking phrase in one of his essays—"the incomparable letters of Pascal." What delicious things those epistles must be, I reflected, if the great historian was unable to find a parallel for them in any corner of his astonishing memory! Obviously, no bookworm worthy of the name could afford to leave such a literary feast untasted. So I applied myself with ardour to the study of the French language, and eventually, Pascal's indictment of the Jesuits (Les "Provinciales") became as

familiar to me as Macaulay's flagellation of Robert Montgomery.

A transfer of allegiance followed, for it had to be admitted that the French controversialist outshone his English successor. Pascal's resourcefulness knew no bounds; his skill in detecting a fallacy verged upon the miraculous; and the smiling urbanity with which he delivered his most dexterous strokes added a sting to every wound. How it must have galled his adversaries to see one of their Order represented as a bland simpleton, exclaiming triumphantly whenever he was hard pressed: "But listen to Father Bauni, or Father Escobar or Father Filutius, on that point," and then rapping out extract after extract, which not only gave his own case away, but showed, as if by accident, how horribly complaisant the casuists of that time could be in dealing with vice!

Admiration of Pascal the debater ripened into a warmer sentiment after a perusal of his "Thoughts." In this fragmentary, but unique work, our Jansenist reveals himself as a very bold and original thinker, with a gift for putting his readers into that mood of mingled recklessness and stoicism in which it becomes possible to face "the trivial round, the common task." It is not gay courage, exactly, which he communicates to his devotees. It cannot be denied that Pascal is austere and grim. There is austerity and grimness even in his wit, of which the following is a characteristic specimen:

"If Cleopatra's nose had been shorter, the face of the whole earth would have been quite different to-day."

Not a few potent, grave and reverend signiors must have paid that observation the tribute of a smile during the last two hundred years. And many unhappy wights, trudging through this vale of tears, have felt their hearts go out to Pascal as they paused over this *obiter dictum*:

"The most important thing in life is the choice of a profession—and Chance settles that."

It does indeed!

When Pascal was not writing in this strain, he was often engaged in putting some theological case very succinctly into a nutshell.

"Either God exists or He does not," he writes, "and a man is forced to gamble on one view or the other. Let us estimate the consequences of staking our all upon the former. If you win, you win everything; if you lose, you lose nothing. Bet, then, without hesitation, that there is a God."

Neither boldness nor cogency is lacking there, and though it may be true that people find those reasons most convincing which they discover for themselves (*vide* "Pensées," Art. 45), I have greater respect for Pascal's deductions from any premises than I have for my own. The man had a big brain, and was constantly brooding over fundamental things.

Here some one may whisper:

"But your author wore a girdle studded with spikes, wherewith to mortify the flesh; and he believed that his niece was cured of a *fistula lacrymalis* by one touch of the Holy Thorn."

Quite true; he did. Knowledge of those facts, however, only adds piquancy to the pleasure with which I recall his ironical remark in the Eighteenth Provincial Letter concerning Galileo and the Papal decree. It does not lessen the enjoyment that I find in declaiming his magnificent outburst, which starts:

"Man is only a reed, the feeblest thing in Nature, but he is a *thinking* reed."

And who would not be an ascetic, if asceticism helped one to write prose so full of music and sublimity as Blaise Pascal's immortal line:

"Le silence éternel de ces espaces infinis m'effraye!"

ROBERT AINSWORTH.

BORROW.

I am but little attracted to the phrase—favourite author. The word "favourite," redolent as it is of caprice, of the intrigues of court life in other days, hardly justifies the attachment which most of us make between the companion of our leisure moments and ourselves. I do not merely favour the author who has cheered me, consoled me and helped me. I am devoted to him. And when my devotion overflows into words, I write of him as though I loved him.

I am not going to apologise for my attachment. There is something too subtle in it to admit of explanation. I suppose I came to be interested in George Borrow by chance, because a first edition of his works glanced down on me from the shelves of my father's bookcase. The titles inflamed a certain yearning for the romance of travel: and a spirit of curiosity set me wondering what might be behind such strange words as Lavengro and Romany Rye. That interest has never failed me: and when my mind, more matured, could go deeper than the surface of such writings, my first love returned with stronger emotions.

Most books of travel lapse sooner or later into mere itineraries: most autobiographies dwell on peddling details which can neither raise interest nor understanding. Borrow has triumphed over these difficulties and in a style limpid as the wayside brook he loved, invigorating as the wind on the hilltops, he has created for us a rich and interesting world where true lovers of nature will never weary to wander. He is the true adventurer in literature. He has gathered for us the romantic beauty of Spain where the wild sierras are steeped in moonshine. He is a lover of all that makes life strong, beautiful and romantic. The fleet speed of the horse, the thews and muscles of the boxer are imprinted on his pages. We revel in life and rejoice in it with the spirit of those who have no disconcerting philosophy.

Borrow disliked Wordsworth and ridiculed him. He mistrusted Scott, because it seemed his romanticism paved the way for the re-establishment of Roman Catholicism: one of Borrow's peculiar *bêtes noirs*. Yet in a particular way Borrow was their colleague in helping to establish literature as the interpreter of nature. He loved the dramatic in every episode that befell him. He had the painter's eye for a quaint scene.

Can it be that there is a symbolism underlying his fight with the flaming tinman and his subsequent sojourn with Isopel Berners in the dingle? Isopel Berners is more than human. Like a goddess in exile, or nature in female guise, her words are oracular. "Fear God, and take your own part."

Was it the struggle against material limitations merging itself in that divine intercourse with nature, which makes our isolated experiences with her very glimpses of Paradise? One must be a lover of the road to admire Borrow. One must have touched him through experiences similar to his own. I like to feel that he has disclosed the true romance of *being*, among the gipsies who live very close to nature and will not disclose their secrets to any but a sympathetic heart.

Some may prefer to follow Borrow to Spain: I prefer his company in Wales or on the English highway. I like his Ishmaelitism in literary taste; and his desire to write the life of Jerry Abershaw, the famous highwayman. Borrow is big and unconventional. He is like a holiday amid scenes that appeal. With him I would climb the peaks of Snowdon or stand where the Atlantic breaks on the rock-bound coast of Spain.

He takes me out of the drab, the present and the uncongenial. I go with him where men are men: where passions are strong, but none the less clean; where the wildflowers scent the highway and a handful of grass marks the gipsy trail.

F. T. HARKNESS GRAHAM, B.D.

We also select for printing:

STEVENSON.

It may seem at first a trifle strange that in their choice of a favourite author, the affections should wander away from the sages and philosophers, whose works gaze reproachfully from their places on the bookshelves, to one of less assured name and standing in the ranks of the

immortals. But in our guide, philosopher and friend, it is his friendship which we most esteem, and perhaps it is this capacity for inspiring affection which has brought to the feet of Robert Louis Stevenson so large a circle of devotees.

Of all men of letters R. L. S. exerts this irresistible appeal of companionship. There is a singular fascination both in his life and in his work. His long struggle against ill-health, his fortitude, his devotion to his art and his early death in far away Samoa contrive to weave a romance round the personality of the man himself. And so with his work. A subtle alchemist, whatever leaden metal he turned his hand to, he transmuted into gold. Dare-devil romance, entertaining sketches of travel, elegant and diverting essays, and the quaintest and tenderest verse, all flow from his pen with amazing facility and in faultless style.

As a congenial companion he is without a peer. There are times, the wind roaring outside o' cold winter nights, when our spirits cry out for the glamour of romance. Then Stevenson knows the charm by which to transport us to wonderful Pacific islands, faery lands to our trammelled imaginations, where we can breathe the fresh sea breezes and see the white combers breaking on the beach of Falesa. Or he carries us away into piratical adventures in search of treasure and thrills us with the deeds of the wildest and most picturesque buccaneers in literature, until we can hear the sinister tap-tapping of Pew's stick on the paving stones, and conjure up the spirit of dreadful Captain Flint "glaring at us through the darkness." Another wave of his wand and we are back amongst the Highland clans in the stirring years after the '45; or we are thrilled with weird tales of mystery and imagination, of body snatchers, imps in bottles, and double personalities.

It is a different charm which he exercises in the miscellany of travel sketches and essays, but a charm none the less potent; for here we meet the man face to face, listen to his incomparable conversation, and obtain glimpses of the inner Stevenson with all his captivating qualities and innate nobility of soul. The secret of his charm lies in his sympathy with life, and with young and full-blooded life especially. His philosophy is comfortable, and kindly and wise; there is some truth in the accusation of hedonism levelled by the "cheerful Indian critic," for while he is writing, the duty of being happy is never far from his mind; his broad tolerance, his humour, his lightly cynical vein, as in "Virginibus Puerisque," his manly love of truth and straightforwardness, and of all things in nature clean and young and healthy make Stevenson at once the most engaging of companions and the most lovable of friends. Deeper down there is a leaven of that philosophical melancholy which seems to come with much meditation on life—a legacy of Montaigne, perhaps. But he is too much in love with living to have any sympathy with philosophers "who pule in little atheistic poetry books about the vanity and brevity of life," or with messieurs les retraitants of our Lady of the Snows. "Death may be knocking at the door," he cries; "we have something else in hand, thank God, and let him knock. . . . Life with us is a honeymoon all through; small blame to us if we give our whole heart to this glowing bride of ours." Was ever so great a heart in so ailing a body! And this essential manliness is emphasised by his love for little children. The essay on "Child's Play" and the dainty poems of the "Child's Garden of Verses" are the crown and seal of the greatness of his nature. In these he has cast affection as bread upon the waters and in return he has won the hearts of all men.

Stevenson died at the age of forty-four. What he might have achieved had he lived longer we can only surmise. What he had already achieved posterity will not willingly let die. This was his requiem:

"Under the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie.
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.

"This be the verse you grave for me:
'Here he lies where he longed to be,
Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
And the hunter, home from the hill.'"

(A. A. Bruce, 26, Croft Terrace, Jarrow-on-Tyne.)

THOMAS À KEMPIS.

The mind which gazes at the world through a narrow convent window does not necessarily miss the beauty of its colour and design. It is true that it perceives only a small fraction of the earth's surface, but perhaps for this very reason the observation bestowed upon it is both thorough and appreciative.

If this is true of the world of sense it is surely no less true of the world of feeling and thought. The mind of a devout monk, save for the few persons with whom he comes into contact, is engaged in contemplating one other Mind; and it is this centralisation of the forces of his

Third Prize. **By Alex. T. Waddell.**
Illustrating title of "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," by V. B. Ibanez. (Constable).

nature, this concentration of the emotions into one direction that has the effect of at any rate temporarily quickening their development.

We find in the author of the "Imitatio Christi" an ntense emotionalism combined with its most valuable product—the intuitive type of apprehension. He does not analyse the unseen nor does he generalise concerning it, but he knows it through personal experience. And because he has the soul of a poet as well as that of a saint there springs from the barren ground of the conventual life a love lyric as natural, as fervent, as spontaneous as any of Shelley or Keats. It is like a water-lily blossoming on the surface of a stagnant pool. It has within it that delicate purity and flaming enthusiasm which have illumined the imagination of the world and transformed an obscure religious of the fifteenth century into an acknowledged priest and prophet of the spiritual life.

"Love is a great thing, yea, altogether a great good—by itself it maketh light everything that is heavy . . .

Specially Commended. **By Betty Lawson.**
Illustrating title of "Without the Gate," by Silas K. Hocking (Ward, Lock).

for it carrieth a burden which is no burden and maketh everything that is bitter sweet and tasteful. . . . A lover flieth, runneth, and rejoiceth, he is free and is not holden. He giveth all for all, and hath all in all."

The force of these words is the force of an intuitive apprehension which contemptuous of restraint bounds forward with the action of a young hunted creature flying before the hounds. Browning has felt "the wild joy of living" but the wild joy of loving is à Kempis's theme.

"O Thou, my sweetest, most beloved, let heaven and earth and all their fair apparel be silent before Thy Face."

What if that Face were actually invisible and intangible, only imaged in the adoring mind, only possible to embrace in the symbolry of the sacramental rite? The intuition of the saint pierces the commonplace exteriors of bread and wine, finding within them that essential joy which translated his communions into the supreme adventures of his life.

This book makes a strange appeal—to the sceptic and the critic as well as to the orthodox, to the Protestant as much as to the Catholic, to the sinner equally with the saint. Nor is it characteristic of any one century. It is the property of the artist and idealist of every age.

Dr. Johnson said: "The world has opened its arms to receive it," and he was right. Like the Bible and Shakespeare and Dante and Homer, its resting place is very near to the heart of the world, and if we pause to think and question why this should be, we shall be drawn slowly, perhaps, but surely, to the conclusion of the great thinkers. Emerson writes: "There is no luck in literary reputation . . . the permanence of all books is fixed by no effort friendly or hostile, but by their own specific gravity or the intrinsic importance of their contents to the mind of man. . . . The way to speak and write what shall not go out of fashion is to speak and write sincerely." It is this genuineness in the realm of feeling which introduces the "Imitation" into the ranks of the classics. "It was written," says George Eliot, "by a hand that waited for the heart's prompting," and herein is the summary and the psychology of its power.

(Joyce Nankivell, St. Hilda's College, Cheltenham.)

H. G. WELLS.

A reader gives first position in the realm of writers, not to the one whom he considers the cleverest, but to the one who gives him the keenest delight, and in the present writer's judgment H. G. Wells, under either claim, easily outdistances his compeers. The position is invariably occupied by different people at different periods of a reader's life. The present writer has in turn enthroned:

(1) The now forgotten author of "Don Zalva the Brave."
(2) Miss Marie Corelli.
(3) Mr. H. G. Wells.

The latter has been *facile princeps* for the past sixteen years, and is not at all likely to be deposed, although as a novelist Mr. Joseph Conrad runs him close.

Admiration for the genius of Mr. H. G. Wells is enhanced by contemplation of his early environment. Many of our greatest authors were deprived of the advantages of high education, but Mr. Wells, to an unparalleled extent, made his own opportunities for self-improvement, and the result is seen in the scholarly tone of his varied productions.

His vast knowledge of pedagogics and philosophy enables him to make his points readily understood by average intelligence, yet the easy polish of his style is never vitiated by any trace of dullness. His work both in fiction and in sociology is of the highest class, and one may justly assume that as a writer in *both* spheres he has never been excelled by any author living or dead.

The present writer was trained from boyhood for the scholastic profession and has been for nineteen years the head of a large boys' school. He has naturally a great admiration for the leaders of his profession, but the greatest of them cannot be compared even in their own special line to the brilliant ex-draper's assistant, who took his B.Sc. with honours at London University, and in the difficult examinations for the licentiateship and fellowship of the College of Preceptors took every prize that was offered for the subjects in which he was examined.

"Love and Mr. Lewisham" and "The Undying Fire" could only have been written by a man with a profound knowledge of education, yet the humour and pathos of the one and the deep tragedy of the other are presented with a brilliance rarely associated with their underlying subject.

Mr. Wells is a socialist but a patriot, so "Mr. Britling Sees It Through." In politics he has little in common with Mr. Balfour, but the finest pen picture ever given of that great statesman is to be found in the pages of "The New Machiavelli."

In all his writings one is conscious of a desire for truth; with him there is no hide-bound prejudice such as Milton evinced in his Puritanism, and Herbert Spencer in his stark individualism. He can praise the aristocrat in "The

Research Magnificent," but in " Tono Bungay " he " dines not merely with the titled but the great," whilst in " The Food of the Gods " he puts in his glorious plea for the possibilities of " the rude mechanical."

He has produced no outstanding character to compare with any of the Dickens gallery, but he never descends to the great Victorian's exaggerated pathos. Dickens not only wrote immortal novels but by their aid corrected many social abuses, though as a writer on purely social subjects he cannot be compared with Wells. The latter guides the constructive thought of the twentieth century even as Ruskin and Carlyle directed that of the last century.

His work—tremendous in amount—has so far dwelt on events present or future, but one gathers the impression that his pen is competent to deal in the same wonderful way with any period of time. He certainly does not lack the scholarship, and the production of an historical novel by him would be the literary sensation of the day. It would indeed be interesting to compare one of Wells's novels with Thackeray's " Esmond," Dickens's " Barnaby Rudge," or Scott's " Kenilworth."

One may admire Tennyson for his capacity for telling pretty stories in melodious lines, Dickens for his humour, Jack London for his magnificent virility, but the author who occupies chief place in a reader's affections does not reign by any single quality.

Mr. H. G. Wells has earned his position by the beautiful expression of the inspiring thoughts of the most powerful mind of the day.

(W. H. Edge, 50, Adswood Lane E., Stockport.)

Several other essays are of equal merit with some of the last three, but we have not space to print more. We select for special commendation the essays by Leo I. D. Gamble (Johannesburg), Helen C. Roberts (Worthing), Rev. A. T. S. James (Gloucester), Charles Smith (Nelson), Rev. John T. Watts (Penarth), Ethel M. Tarr (Forest Gate), Hilda M. Ridley (Ottawa), Joseph Harding (Cardiff), Rev. H. H. Turner (Somerset),

Specially Commended. **By Jessie Jackson.**

Illustrating title of "The Undying Fire," by H. G. Wells (Cassell).

Specially Commended. **By Allan A. Adcock.**

Illustrating title of " The Man from Australia," by Katharine Tynan (Collins).

Wilfrid Edward Scott (Balham), Robert J. McIntosh (Falkirk), Percy Alwyn Staub (Bradford), Joseph Holford (Norwich), Freda La Pla (Beaconsfield), George C. Pillidge (Plymouth), Rev. Robert Armstrong (Ripon), Lavender Resarf (London, S.W.), J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Gladys L. Preedy (Bristol), Wilfred Leicester (Wellington, N.Z.), Dr. Robert Watson (Belfast), Alex M. L. Henry (Glasgow), Gladys R. Franklin (Gloucester), C. D. Leslie (West Hampstead), R. P. Douglas (Wishaw), James Turner (Bolton), D. L. Dalgleish (Wandsworth), Eugene O'Brien (Dundee), N. Walker (Belfast), Samuel King Hutton (Poole), Marion Carrick Alston (Glasgow), Peggy Judge (Hurlingham), Victor S. Pritchett (Burnley), Ivy Rogers (Manchester), Rose King Watkins (Lincoln), Isa Kirwen (Sydenham), Teresa Freeman (Kensington), Ernest McInnes (Johannesburg), Arnold Sherring (Paisley), Frank F. Balmforth (Leeds), A. V. Arnold (Sheffield), Winifred Lewis (Cardiff), O. S. Shepherd (London, S.W.), Winifred Graham (Durham), "Channel Islander" (Guernsey), Sheena Macfarlane (Woldingham), E. T. Walton (Gravesend), Madeline C. Munday (Newbury), Amy Peacock (Downham), Annie Southwell (Norwich), Gertrude M. Field (Earl's Court), G. M. Baker (Heworth), Ruth A. Beach (Brighton), R. W. Evans (Birmingham), W. J. Jenkin (Camborne), Dorothy G. Perry (Sydney, Australia), Ellen M. Symmons (Walthamstow), Miss H. J. Smith (London, S.E.), Martyn P. Pollock (Birmingham), F. G. Houldershaw (Leeds), Winifred Mary Jenkins (Cardiff), Mrs. Monypenny (Maida Vale), Kathleen Chivers (Bath), Olive Foulston (Preston), Sybil Pearce (Bedford Park), Margaret Dunnett (New Brighton), Gertrude Lindley (Shipley), Kathleen Maton (Thornton Heath), Lilian A. Hitchcock (Putney), Gladys E. Garrett (Forest Gate), M. Victoria Lewis (Huddersfield), V. E. Dismore (Southend), W. P. Woolliams (London, S.W.), Robert White (Edinburgh).

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III.—DRAWING ILLUSTRATING BOOK TITLE.

The FIRST PRIZE of £3 3s. is awarded to V. D. Goodwin, of "Lyndhurst," Gillingham, Kent; the SECOND of £2 2s. to Private R. F. Hopes, 329469, C Company, 11th Batt. Suffolk Regiment, Peronne, France; and the THIRD of £1 1s. to Alex T. Waddell, of 15, Wilmslow Road, Rusholme, Manchester, for the drawings reproduced on pages 17, 19, 21.

We specially commend and select for reproduction the drawings of Jessie Jackson (Beverley, Yorks), Allan A. Adcock (Carlton, Nottingham), R. H. Robson (South Shields), Gwendolen M. Evans (The Park, Nottingham), Betty Lawson (Bethersden, Kent). And we highly commend the drawings by G. M. Sinclair (Leith), M. Hony (Bristol), Brenda Duncan (Croydon), Evelyn Simpson (West Chislehurst), Alfred E. Carey (Forest Rise), Doris Jeffreys (Bournemouth), Beryl M. Puzey (Harrogate), Herbert P. Dollman (Kensington), Herbert E. Russell (Cockermouth), G. F. Barrow (Crouch Hill), A. E. Barnes (Beaconsfield), Fred E. Bolt (Anerley), D. Broom (Warrington), Mona Spencer (Hanwell), Marguerite Perry (King's Lynn), B. W. Stanley (Great Yarmouth), Chas. Smith (Nelson), Hubert H. Thomas (Griffithstown), Jessie M. Tarbolton (Warwick), Phyllis M. Butter (Walsall), Dorothy A. Legg (Penge).

IV.—HUMOROUS POEMS.

Some of the work sent in for this Competition is good verse but not humorous; and some that is humorous is not good verse. The printable percentage is not so high as in any of the three other Competitions.

The FIRST PRIZE of £3 3s. is awarded to Mrs. Kathleen Palm Loxton, of 1, Trebovis Road, Earl's Court, London, S.W.5; the SECOND is divided and £1 1s. each awarded to Lettie Cole, of Doyer House, Pontrilas, and E. L. Roberts, of 21, Museum Chambers, Bury Street, London, W.C.1; and the THIRD PRIZE of £1 1s. is awarded to Wilford Gower, of Mill Bank, Wellington, Salop, for the following:

Specially Commended. **By R. H. Robson.**
Illustrating title of "Blind Alley," by W. L. George (Fisher Unwin).

THE PROBATIONER'S "IF."

(*ith Apologies to Mr. Kipling.*)

If you can rise and dress, without a grumble,
  At six o'clock each morning, without fail;
If, when your frozen feet and fingers fumble,
  You set to work without a daily wail;
If you can sweep, and not be tired of sweeping,
  If you can dust, and see the smuts sit down
Just where you've dusted, and not take to weeping,
  But start and dust again without a frown;

If you can clean, and clean, and go on cleaning,
  And, tired and "fed up," smile on just the same,
And see your work upset, and learn the meaning
  Of undeserved and most uncalled-for blame;
If you can spend your days in washing dishes,
  And make yourself believe it's splendid fun,
And stifle down your very natural wishes
  For something int'resting that might be done;

If, when some cross and tired Sister's snubbing
  Makes you despair, though sticking to it still;
Or, when it seems your whole life's spent in scrubbing,
  You keep right on, just of your own free will;
If you can polish floors with grim endurance,
  And clear up doctor's messes, all in vain,
And tidy beds, while in the full assurance
  They must be done again and yet again;

If you can start afresh each blessed minute
  At your routine work, wearisome and dull,
And never scamp your work or muddle in it,
  Though nothing comes by way of change or lull;
If you can keep the courage of the lion,
  And yet not lose the meekness of the dove,
With nerves of steel and sinews made of iron—
  Why, go and be a V.A.D., my love!

KATHLEEN PALM LOXTON.

THE AMATEUR GARDENER.

In the spring Diana's fancy
  Lightly turns to thoughts of seeds,
Then her lover's lot is chancy
  (Not a word of mine she heeds):
I may whisper, "You entrance me,"
  She goes on destroying weeds.

In the spring Diana's chatter
  Chiefly deals with that which squirms—
Caterpillars, grubs . . . the latter
  Do much damage Di affirms:
While I talk of things that matter
  She goes on unearthing worms!

Though I vow my heart I'll harden,
  Too much labour it entails;
When we wander round the garden
  In the dusk that kindly veils,
If I'm wrong I beg Di's pardon,
  But I *know* she looks for snails!

In the spring sometimes she lets me
  Fetch and carry, seek or bring;
Or some simple task she sets me:
  But I'll own the general thing
Is my true love quite forgets me;
  Still it isn't *always* spring!

LETTIE COLE.

THE POET'S LOT.

When Orpheus strummed his magic lyre
In mythological attire
Upon the Attic plain;
If pleased to make the welkin ring
He was politely asked to sing
Again.

Lived there (for long) a Greek who scoffed
At Homer when he lightly coughed
An epic from his chest?
He who possessed the Iliad
Was miserable till he had
The rest.

When Villon took the tavern floor
Declaiming villanelles galore,
Did fellow-villains hiss?
Quite the reverse—they sat unsated,
Thumped the floor, and vociferated:
"Bis!"

But bards of meaner mould will find
The public very disinclined
To lavish thought on them.
For all their works, however fair,
The public does not really care
A demn.

An "Ode to Phyllis Running Free,"
In course of time, perhaps, may be
Productive of the bays;
A couplet cracking up a pill
Which cures every mortal ill . . .
Pays!

E. L. Roberts.

MIND AND MATTER.

How wonderful the powers of poets be,
Commanding earth, and air, and fire, and sea!
They bade the hills and valleys laugh and sing,
They ordered them about!
And out
Of sheer conceit, one sought a mightier slave,
Bidding the deep and dark blue ocean roll!
It did as it was told.
It rolled.

Encouraged by success, they tried again—
Calling upon the lofty stars to shine;
And, soon as day had gone,
They shone!
So, in their sweet, soft light, selecting one,
"Twinkle," a bard sang, "Twinkle, little star!"
And saw it, acting on his wrinkle,
Twinkle!
Wonderful folk, these poet people are!

Wilford Gower.

We also select for printing:

AUTUMN LEAVES.

I stood alone within a wood
Upon a quiet autumn day,
And leaves were falling where I stood,
In quite the old autumnal way.

Autumnal thoughts were in my mind,
Such as a wayward fancy weaves
Of sad and melancholy kind,
Mostly of sere and yellow leaves.

The coming winter turned my thought
To fuel and the price of coal,
And then, by easy stages, brought
My mind to think of food control.

I thought of him who vainly tries,
As once in Egypt Joseph tried,
To still a hungry nation's cries
And satisfy its poor inside.

And then I thought of that grey leaf,
On which, in hope, our names are penned,
Asking, when we beheld our beef,
"Is this the end? Is this the end?"

Specially Commended. By Gwendolen M. Evans.
Illustrating title of "Jeremy," by Hugh Walpole (Cassell).

'Tis more than we have right to ask,
And more than any man can do,
To execute this hopeless task,
Controlling food and temper too.

For this poor man my spirit grieves;
I would not have his place instead,
With forty million dull grey leaves
Falling on his devoted head.

Full circle have my thoughts come round
Upon this quiet autumn day;
The leaves still fall upon the ground,
But in my mind are coloured grey.

(Canon C. J. Boden, Nathell Rectory, Nottingham.)

The best of the other humorous poems received are by W. St. Leger (Herne Hill), T. Disney (Hereford), Oswald H. Harland (Leeds), W. J. Fawcett (Strandtown), S. M. Isaacson (London, W.), B. Noel Saxelby (Manchester), Hilda Brough (Stourbridge), T. B. Powell (Winchmore Hill), R. A. H. Goodyear (Scarborough), Percy Allott (London, E.C.), Morton Luce (Weston-super-Mare), "Dickbird" (Finchley Road), Ambrose Vickers (Bootle), W. Maver (Folkestone), Frederick Theodore Bastel (Cleveland, Ohio), D. J. Hickey (Leith), S. Louie Siviter (Birmingham), C. E. Ransom (Bovey Tracey), Gertrude Pitt (London, N.), Margaret Ormiston (London, S.W.), "St. Clair" (Leith), J. A. Bellchambers (Highgate), William Saunders (Edinburgh), Edward Crecy (Clapham), G. W. Harris (Runcorn), Chris Lawson (Glasgow), Elspeth Carr (Adelphi), Henry Wyatt (Preston), W. Masterton (Nottingham), Annie Storr (Brixton), C. D. Leslie (Hampstead), Eva Barwell (Kenilworth), Maud Cockrell (Lowestoft), A. Eleanor Pinnington (Exeter), Mart Eastsley (Perth), Tamar Faed (Edinburgh), Harold Matthews (Malvern), G. A. Preston (Bournemouth), William Mitchell (Yarmouth).

XUM

New Books.

THE SUPERHUMAN ANTAGONISTS, AND OTHER POEMS.*

In Sir William Watson's last volume, the first poem, "The Superhuman Antagonists," so o'ertops and outsoars its companions, that, on its merits, the book must stand or fall. Its *motif* is simple and ordinary. Ahriman, the Founder of Evil, and Ormazd, the Spirit of Good (two gods from the Pantheon of the Zend-Avesta), meet on an "interstellar road," and Ahriman proposes to Ormazd that they should divide the Universe between them, in order that each, in his own kingdom, may have undisputed sway—"perfect puissance, never threatened might." The plan seems to have its advantages, but before accepting it, Ormazd resolves to find out how the tide of battle between Good and Evil has been flowing, and finding that Evil is ebbing, he declines Ahriman's specious proposal.

That is all; yet simple and ordinary though the *motif* be, it obviously offers ample scope for personal creative imagination. A Meredith, a Browning, a Kipling, a Chesterton, a Masefield, could all clothe such big, bare bones with the flesh of a giant; all of them could make great poetry out of such a theme; yet the poems would be all unlike each other, and equally unlike the great poem Sir William has achieved. A theme of this character is more than a clothes-horse; it is a skeleton requiring not only flesh and blood, and a coat, but also a personal soul.

The poet himself declares that between the "Prince's Quest" and the "Superhuman Antagonist" forty years have drawn almost as severe a line as the line Ahriman desired to draw between Good and Evil. "The two poems," he declares, "are as little related as any two products of the same hand and brain can be." We do not agree. Differences in style of diction and in style of thought there undoubtedly are, but we think that any critic with an acute and sensitive critical faculty, meeting both poems unsigned, and in separate covers, would at once surmise that they were products of the same hand and brain, and should bear the same signature. And that is a compliment, for a great poet never needs "to supplant a derelict self of yester-year"; a certain amount of continuity in method and spirit is characteristic of all great artists, whatever their medium may be. The difference between "The Prince's Quest" and "The Superhuman Antagonists" is the difference between Paracelsus and Sordello—between youth and manhood—between the hand and brain of an adolescent and the hand and brain of an adult. Both poems are plainly the offspring of William Watson, though forty years have given his last work a maturity, an epical largeness, a concentration, that his earliest work lacked. He has become more eclectic, less exuberant, more dignified, less decorative, more ethical, less æsthetic, more sculpturesque, less picturesque; but nevertheless, I see no great gulf between his first work and his last. The Sir William Watson of 1919 still continues and includes the William Watson of 1879.

Through these forty years Sir William Watson has consistently maintained the highest standards of art. In his loyalty to high ideals of workmanship he has never wavered. Realising that poetry is the art of metrical expression, and is as much wordcraft as drawing is linecraft, or painting colourcraft, he has worked, "with no light and careless ministry," patiently and punctiliously in the spirit of an artist, until, as an artist, he has to compete perhaps with no living poet save himself. Yet, competing with himself, we think that, as a work of art, "The Superhuman Antagonists" is a masterpiece, even among his own masterpieces.

Critics have suggested that the "Antagonists" are "too proud and imperturbable and still"; but they are gods not men. An Ahriman or an Ormazd does not tear a passion to tatters; he scabbards his sword till it is time to slay; and the leisurely, sonorous roll of the lines precisely suits the immortal, implacable, unhurrying hostility of souls mighty enough to master or mask their own most turbulent emotions. The hates are scabbarded, but we know that giant hands fumble at their great hilts. It is not a battle between angry men; it is a battle between gods; it is a battle between Good and Evil; and *mise-en-scène*, diction and metaphor are all in keeping with such a Titanic combat. For such a situation not excitement but tension, not red flame but white heat are requisite.

Watsonian lines abound:

> "And everywhere in our domains immense
> Is balanced Might but grandiose impotence."
>
> "And thine own puissance an arrested tide
> Standing magnificently petrified."
>
> "He swept through utter calms that well might be
> Likened to the immense serenity
> And infinite composure of the dead:
> Kingdoms that Silence hath inherited
> From Silence."

Not unjustly, indeed, may we describe the diction of the poem as the poet describes the oratory of Vayu:

> "Reverberant, vibrant, nor less broad and deep
> Than the sea's utterance round the cloven steep
> Was his rich-billowing voice, each cadence grave
> Being like the lapse of a sonorous wave
> When it withdraws down a resounding shore."

The other long poems of the volume, "Americans Hail" and "The Unreconciled," are also written in the grand style, and also contain fine sonorous lines; but both seem to me to lack spontaneity, and to be little more than imitation—colourable imitation of William Watson. Such lines indeed as the following do not seem even colourable imitation:

> "And then the paying of the arrears of doom
> Vouched in remorseless audit."
>
> "Defraud the world that looked to you and us
> As guardians of its inward patrimony
> And co-trustees of its estate of freedom."

There speaks Watson the accountant, and Watson the solicitor, rather than Watson the poet.

"The Unreconciled" is an appeal to the Sister Isle "whom we have wedded, but have never won." It is undoubtedly powerful, noble, and sincere; but still it gives the impression of being derivative and imitative rather than spontaneous; and the grand manner at times approaches grand mannerism. Lines like these:

> "And rouse from counterfeit sleep their fell vendetta, and so
> Return to the naked hate they were born in long ago,
> Resume the wrangle of ages, resume the dear dispute,
> The controversy eternal that bears but death for fruit"—

seem to me rather a rhetorical *tour de force*, than a spontaneous expression of poetic emotion. But I see the Irish Question from another point of view, and that may possibly pervert my judgment.

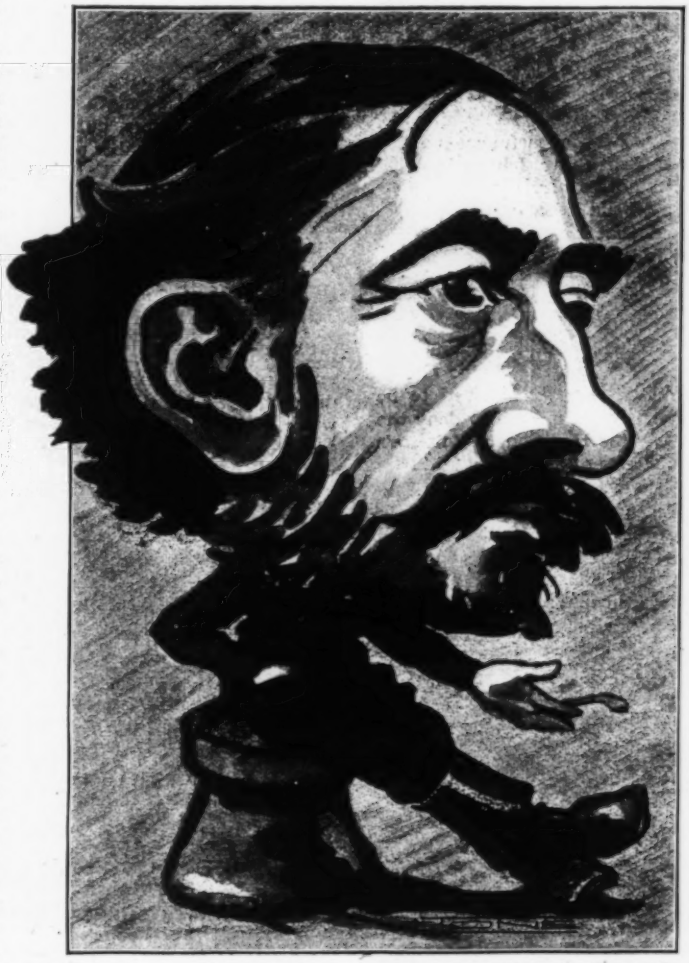
The briefer pieces at the end of the volume have charm and beauty, but I do not think that any one of them reaches the level of Watson's best lyrics—such lyrics as "Night," "Leavetaking," "The Ode in May."

RONALD CAMPBELL MACFIE.

* "The Superhuman Antagonists, and Other Poems." By Sir William Watson. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

THE NEW CONRAD.*

There is little in Mr. Conrad's stories of that simplicity and directness of thought and speech that are commonly taken as characteristic of the sailorman; for all the years he spent aboard ship, most of his novels could not be described as tales of the sea, though the sea has its place in most of them; but they are such tales as could have been written only by one who had been much of a wanderer and had forgathered in strange places with strange, unconventional people. He has laid it down in his "Reminiscences" that "imagination, not invention, is the supreme master of art as of life," and that "an imaginative and exact rendering of authentic memories may serve worthily that spirit of piety towards all things human which sanctions the conception of a writer of tales and the emotions of a man reviewing his own experiences." And how much of authentic memory and personal experience enters into "The Arrow of Gold" none but himself can say. For here he follows a favourite device of telling his story, not in the first person, but through the medium of one of its characters, and the emotions as well as the experiences are presented as those of Monsieur George, who had for so long cut himself adrift from his early life and all that belonged to it that his family and friends had given him up for lost; and in his later years he writes the record of his wanderings in response to an appeal from his old sweetheart. "I know where life has brought you," she writes. "You certainly selected your own road. But to us, left behind, it always looked as if you had struck out into a pathless desert."



Joseph Conrad.

Drawn by Laurence Stone.

The story is not, however, a straightforward reprint of Monsieur George's chronicle; it is a single episode selected from the recollections in his pile of manuscript, a gathering together of those passages from it that reveal the share he had in the abortive rising of Don Carlos de Bourbon, the Royal Pretender to the throne of Spain, and the rising is only of importance in so far as it concerns his relations with the fascinating Dona Rita, who uses her wealth in the Pretender's cause and her beauty to win adherents to it. Dona Rita is the eternal woman, seeming to stand aloof, mysterious, unapproachable, but at heart as essentially feminine in all her instincts, vanities, motives and lack of motive as any woman of them all; withal she is such a one as a man meets not more than once in a lifetime. By turns cold and passionate, alluring and repellent, subtle and simple, cruel and kind, she plays with her lovers, bends them to her will, and sends them to serve Don Carlos not for love of him but for love of her; yet there is more of caprice than enthusiasm in her own loyalty to the Pretender.

The story hovers, at times, on the verge of tragedy, but is handled with such irony and quiet humour that it remains a romantic comedy, with Dona Rita at the heart of it to give a touch of mystery and gallantry to its adventure and a glamour of passion and intrigue and disillusion to the romance of it all. Mr. Conrad's leisurely, discursive, apparently casual manner of developing his narrative may seem to have something in common with the easygoing yarning of the sailor, but he is always the conscious artist and his most casual-seeming divagation is nicely calculated with an eye to its effectiveness in the full scheme of his story. In his admirable study of "The Advance of the English Novel," which has just been published by Mr. Murray, Professor Phelps says Conrad is "the psychologist of sailors; a kind of union of Richardson and Smollett"; but he is also a subtler psychologist than Richardson of men and women who have never been to sea; he has a dynamic imagination and writes with a sense of the beauty and magic of language that rank him above both Smollett and Richardson as an imaginative genius and one of the great masters of English prose.

* "The Arrow of Gold." By Joseph Conrad. 7s. net. Fisher Unwin.)

THE MOCKER.*

It is not possible to gauge precisely the effect on Voltaire of his residence in England. That it was great, all his future life sufficiently demonstrates; that he was aware of it, is perfectly plain from his letters, especially those to English people or on English subjects; that he occasionally was alarmed and resentful about it is shown, I think, by his indignant and rather frightened avowals that, after all, Shakespeare "had an untutored nature," and had "neither regularity, nor propriety, nor art." It is thus a man turns against temptations which his judgment only beats off at the expense of his heart. For nothing will make me believe that Voltaire, who knew and said that Wortley Montagu wrote finer letters than did de Sevigne, did not also know that Shakespeare was Europe's incomparable master of dramatic art. It is likely enough that the Gothic in Shakespeare puzzled and repelled him, as did the Gothic in nature—he laments that Rousseau should visit the bleak rocks of Derbyshire instead of the warm banks of the Thames; and it is true that in his letter to Walpole he insists that Molière and Regnard are greater comedians than Aristophanes, and commits himself to the astonishing judgment that "all

* "Voltaire in His Letters." By S. G. Tallentyre. 12s. net. (Murray.)

XUM

the Greek tragedies seem to me the work of schoolboys as compared with the sublime scenes of Corneille and the perfect tragedies of Racine." In all this, however, Voltaire is really judging his authors by a standard that no longer has any value to us—the artificial standard of Boileau. He could produce, no doubt, reasons for his opinion; but they are reasons which would not occur to him if his mind had not been previously biased by a theory of art which did not embrace the Gothic or the romantic.

Yet in soul Voltaire was incurably romantic: and he caught it, I think, while he was in England. His personal relationships, with Madame de Châtelet, with Delphine, with Frederic of Prussia, all betray the romantic; most of all those noble quarrels in which he upheld the cause of Calas, of the Sirvens, and of the Chevalier de la Barre, he was the real knight-errant of romance. Himself, he was in a dim way aware of this. Writing to M. Damilaville, he declares: "I have only done in the fearful cases of the Calas and the Sirvens what all men do: I have followed my bent. A philosopher's is not to pity the unhappy—it is to be of use to them." "I did it because I liked it"—that is Voltaire's cry, and that he tries to dignify it with the word philosophy, is it not the simple generous motive which stirred S. Louis of France, or Francis of Assisi, or Elizabeth Fry?

Readers of an older generation may look askance to see those great names coupled with Voltaire's. And indeed Voltaire was no saint. Yet it is Blake who said of him—Blake who hated what he wrongly believed to be Voltaire's philosophy—that those sin most who deny the Holy Spirit in Voltaire. How the tradition of Voltaire's exceeding wickedness—ugly stories of a death in fantastic agony—came to be so persistent I have never been able to discover. There is hardly a pious book of the early Victorian period which does not choose Voltaire as the very symbol of infidelity. It is true he wrote one vile book, "La Pucelle," and a good many indiscreet ones; but he was never infidel, he was not a notorious evil-liver, and he had a love for truth and a passion for justice unequalled in his day or since. The traduction of Voltaire has ceased. Men no longer think of him as a man who combined the worst faults of Peter of Arezzo with the capital sin of Judas Iscariot; but too much stress is still laid on his mocking, impertinent wit, his gay sallies at things respectable and pompous. S. G. Tallentyre's admirable book should alter that. She has selected her letters with skill, and translated them with an ease which makes reading the book as pleasant as reading Voltaire's French. Certain things still remain mysterious. We shall never know now why Frederic the Great was fascinated by Voltaire, or why Voltaire, once at Potsdam, behaved so badly. Possibly the explanation of the last is simple. Caprice was Voltaire's delight. The formal, regular, admirable Prussian Court etiquette was a target for his destructive wit. One will always be sorry that his humour did not stop on this side of what plain men might call forgery; but after all, at Berlin no doubt there were moments when a Frenchman of Voltaire's spirit would do anything to break the monotony. And one must not forget that he regained and kept Frederic's respect. Long after his departure he wrote to him affectionately; and Frederic's desperate efforts to prevent him leaving are some evidence of the value he attached to his companionship. Still it was an odd friendship, and I cannot help believing that Voltaire would have been happier had he sooner found his refuge in the Swiss Republic. Not the least notable of the letters in this book are those Voltaire wrote in Paris on his visit there in his eighty-fourth year. How many English people, who think vaguely of him as a cynical old mocker, have read that epistle to the Abbé Gautier:

> "I shall say to you exactly what I said when I gave my blessing to the grandson of the wise and famous Franklin, the most honoured of American citizens: I spoke only these words, *God and Liberty*. All present were greatly moved. I flatter myself that you share these aspirations."

Three months later Voltaire died: can it be denied that he had made it far easier for those who love liberty to believe in God, and more difficult for all who worship God not to pursue liberty? Voltaire was the Erasmus of the revolution, as Rousseau was its Luther: had the world only had the wisdom to know their true leaders, the revolution might have accomplished more both for France and for Europe.

R. ELLIS ROBERTS.

SECRET SCIENCES.*

Students of secret sciences and occult philosophies have always been suspect to the profane. They are treated by the vulgar with an open derision, tempered by a certain fear. The general public occupies, undoubtedly, a position of great natural strength. Such scholars considered the concourse of the stars, but could certify neither the order of events nor the number of their days, for such things are not written in Nature, but in the Superior Tables of Predestination. They believed the mystery was revealed enabling them to transmute the baser metals into gold; yet they obtained nothing by it but diseases and poverty, for in old age—"greybeards of an evil time"—they fell to clipping and counterfeiting of coin. They sought for that tincture and universal medicine which would enable the body to defy Death and Age, and they died in early manhood. Men, such as these, pursued a magical tradition extremely baffling and obscure. The doctrine was very difficult, even for the initiated, but to the indifferent it was nothing but a derision and a snare. Interests and preoccupations such as these are common enough in all ages. To-day the most essentially poetic of living writers is largely concerned with similar matters; whilst in the seventeenth century Thomas Vaughan devoted his life to, and precipitated his death by, the same abstruse studies and esoteric alchemical experiments.

Mr. A. E. Waite has collected all the known facts of Thomas Vaughan's short life in a careful biographical preface. Vaughan was born in a farmhouse at Llansaintffraid, Brecknockshire, in the year 1661, the place of his birth enabling him later to excuse his lack of "paint and trim of rhetoric, because English is a language the author was not born to." So might Mr. Joseph Conrad offer ironic apologies for artlessness of diction, and with equal reason. The Hermetic philosopher was the twin brother of Henry Vaughan, the Silurist, and, as Mr. Waite points out with truth, they belonged to one another in the spirit as well as in the blood, for after his own manner Thomas was also a poet, whilst Henry was drawn into occult paths as a translator, and indeed otherwise, as a record of his repentance testifies. Educated at Jesus College, Oxford, Thomas took Holy Orders, and became the priest of his native parish. He lived—like his great contemporary, Sir Thomas Browne, whom it seems to the present reviewer reasonable to remember in this connection—through the troublous period of the Commonwealth, and was ousted from his living by the Propagators of the Gospel in Wales, for drunkenness, swearing, incontinency, and carrying arms for the king. Charity induces one to trust that the charge is overcoloured, but moderation of speech, at least, was certainly not a characteristic of our philosopher. Vaughan sought the repose of Oxford to continue his studies. Protected by powerful patronage he lived safely to the Restoration, and at the time of the Plague took up his residence with the rector of Albury, at whose house he was killed on February 27th, 1665, by an explosion, whilst conducting some chemical experiments.

Mr. Waite has brought together the eight tracts on which Thomas Vaughan's fame must depend, together with certain excursions in Latin and English verse, but has omitted sundry abusive polemical writings, which would not increase our esteem for their author. Besides the biographical preface to which attention has been

* "The Works of Thomas Vaughan (Eugenius Philalethes)." Edited, annotated and introduced by Arthur Edward Waite. 21s. (Theosophical Publishing House.)

THE PELMAN'S PROGRESS

By MAX PEMBERTON.

IT is more than twelve months since the Editor of one of our great magazines invited me to investigate the claims of Pelmanism and to write for him my candid opinion upon the subject. I can pay no more emphatic tribute to the system than to say that I have been studying it off and on ever since, and have quite recently re-read the course from beginning to end.

Let me say at once that I found the fascination of Pelmanism no less sure in the twelfth month than in the first. Some of my friends refer lightly to it as one of my hobbies, and in some sense it may be so. There are years in every life when a man or woman determines to add some study to the burden of the daily life and believes confidently that this study will mature. In one case, it is the sudden determination to learn Italian or Spanish; in another it may be a violent desire to develop musical gifts hitherto unsuspected. A third student may suddenly buy all the books he can upon art or old furniture and endeavour to constitute himself a critic. Unfortunately these wild attempts rarely lead to much. I know a number of men who began Italian and Spanish and hardly got further than *accidente* and *bueno*; while the student of pictures or old furniture frequently completes his studies by the purchase of an imposture foisted upon him by a cunning dealer. In few of these cases is there the will power necessary to the satisfactory pursuit of the hobby; nor does it help the man of middle age to remind himself that Cato learned Greek at eighty.

In the case of Pelmanism, few of these failures are to be recorded. I know a number of men who took up the "little grey books" indolently, believing that perhaps there was something in them, but half assured that they themselves would never get it out. In nearly all these cases the ultimate record is one of perseverance. The students tell the same story and tell it very willingly. They read the first book and wondered upon concluding it whether there really was anything to be learned from it. It had not made any particular appeal to them. They put it down believing they would soon forget it; but they found themselves, nevertheless, thinking of it in odd intervals of leisure; debating the suggestions of mental inefficiency it had conveyed to them, and ultimately re-reading it with a keener interest. In the end the thing took a firm grip of them. They sat down to answer the examination papers, and having done that, they were anxious to secure the second volume. As the study progressed, the hold of it upon their minds was almost that of an exciting romance. The revelation of each succeeding book were eagerly awaited; there was the sure conviction now that Pelmanism was a vital thing which must mean much to them.

This, I say, is a common experience, and it has been my own. I wondered sometimes at the beginning if Pelmanism had really had anything to teach a man who had lived for fifty years. I have come to the conclusion since that not only has it a great deal to teach him, but that even at his age it may largely influence his habits of work and thought. In my own case its benefits can be defined without difficulty and certainly have a bearing upon my profession. Let me give one instance of this which I consider illuminating.

Two or three years ago I was complaining to my friends that as time went on I had not a difficulty in finding ideas but in holding them. A plot would flash upon me in train or cab, and I would congratulate myself that I had an idea of worth. Yet all too frequently I discovered upon returning to my own study that the idea had escaped me altogether, and that no effort of the mind could recall it. This difficulty has almost disappeared since I studied Pelmanism. I find it relatively easy so to focus the mind upon the idea that it is readily recalled upon my return to the house. The circumstances of it are noted carefully at the time. I try to remember what led up to it; just where I was when it came to me, and what was the central fact of it. Even a word will now recall the whole thing to me, and this word is repeated again and again before I let the idea go. No doubt it would be in a way simpler to carry a pencil and a notebook and to record these suggestions at the moment the brain conceives them; but I have found that there are many occasions upon which it is almost impossible to produce the paper and pencil in question without the risk of becoming conspicuous; and even such a note as could be written, say, in a cab, will not present an idea as vividly as the mental index when emphatically directed.

But not only is there this recollection of primary ideas, but there is a newer power of their development. Many, no doubt, would consider it a ridiculous employment for a man of fifty years of age to be learning lists of words like any schoolboy and to be repeating them at odd moments. But the relation of idea as set out in these lists is of the greatest service, I find, in the exploitation of plot, especially in what we may call the correlations of our story. Thus a man may make a kind of genealogy of his ideas, shewing how one development of the plot leads to another; how it is possible to carry the story hither and thither without losing the thread of it; how to build it up and to give it the substance so necessary to success. In this matter I owe more to Pelmanism than I can say; and I am strongly of the opinion that every young author would benefit greatly by a pursuit of the particular trend of ideas developed in the fourth, fifth and sixth volumes of the little grey books.

There is another point, and it is this—we people who try to deal with things of the imagination are too often purely introspective. We are apt to seek our ideas wholly from the mind—from the world which does not exist rather than from that which is round about us. People have told me again and again that they have passed me in the street, where I was evidently unaware of their presence—indeed of anything that was happening in that particular locality. The charge is true, and would be true, I suppose, of many who write fiction. A man lives for a little while in a kingdom of the mind's creation. He follows the careers of those who never were born and dwells in houses which never were built. And while we may admit that it is well that he should do so, and that many a great dreamer has dreamed dreams which are immortal, at the same time it is impossible to forget that this is an age of realities and that the actual may be better than the imagined thing. I am quite sure that too many literary people keep their eyes closed as they go through the world, and neglect the aid of that observation upon which Pelmanism so properly insists. There is, we have been told, something to be learned in the meanest street of the meanest city, and it would be an unobservant fellow who could walk abroad in London for an hour and discover nothing to give him thought. Upon this Pelmanism properly insists, to the great advantage of its students. I find them quickly delighting in the new scenes they have discovered, and speaking of them with the enthusiasm almost boyish.

For these and many other reasons I remain of the opinion that Pelmanism is one of the most significant movements of the day.

MAX PEMBERTON.

Full particulars of the Pelman Course are given in "Mind and Memory," which also contains a complete descriptive Synopsis of the 12 lessons. A copy of this interesting booklet, together with a full reprint of "Truth's" famous Report on the work of the Pelman Institute and particulars showing how you can secure the complete Course on special terms, may be obtained gratis and post free by any reader of THE BOOKMAN *who applies either in person or by post card (or letter) to the Pelman Institute, 20, Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1.*

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drawn, Mr. Waite contributes a long and luminous Introduction, and has edited the whole packed volume with remarkable learning and patient care. These eight tracts exhibit the very form and pressure of their writer's mind, and show very distinctly the mingled yarn of which his thought was composed. They are concerned with such elusive and recondite subjects as the fellowship of the Rosicrucians, and with that magical tradition which may be traced back to those magicians who stood before Pharaoh at the time of the exodus from Egypt. Their author was a practical alchemist on the material side, despite apparent denial, and despite a deliberate vagueness of phrase permitting him to refer his investigations to some spiritual alchemy. He claims to have been instructed in the secret circumstances of the First Matter, from which all things were derived, and even, after long labours, to have seen, handled and tasted it. This does not sound very "popular pie," except, perhaps, for the impassioned student of occult philosophy. Vaughan, however, was mystic as well as Hermetical philosopher. He speculates on such matters as the Divine Immanence, and the nature and properties of the soul. On few subjects is the essayist more stimulating than on this "mystic citizen of the eternal kingdom." It is needless to say that he is a Neo-Platonist of the most stark and uncompromising order, as becomes the twin brother of Henry Vaughan. Indeed it is of the haunting poetry of that Silurist, and of the divine *Intimations of Immortality* of our supreme modern poet that we are reminded in reading his prose "Discourse of the Nature of Man."

It is not, however, Henry Vaughan or Wordsworth whom we recall most frequently in reading these tracts, but rather Sir Thomas Browne. The beloved physician lived much at the same time as Thomas Vaughan, and it seems natural that the younger writer should have known of his great contemporary. The two authors were absorbed in similar studies and speculations, for Browne, too, was a mystic, and was concerned about a traditional magic, not learned immediately from the Devil, but at second hand from his scholars. Episodes, such as Moses and the Golden Calf, intrigued them equally. Although not a perfect master of prose, Vaughan was an excellent writer. The cadence and structure of his sentences seem to derive from Browne, whilst such a phrase as "the poppy of oblivion" is culled from a well-known garden. Not the least merit of the book under notice is the comparison it affords with the work of the author of the "Religio Medici."

EUGENE MASON.

A TALE OF TRANSITIONAL INDIA.*

Never before has so faithful, so vivid a picture of the workings of transition in the innermost Indian life been painted by anyone as in this book. Dr. Tagore—for of his own free will he is Sir Rabindranath no longer—is a true artist who is not deterred by any consideration—patriotic or personal—from laying bare what would appear to a smaller man as a family skeleton that ought to be kept hidden from gaze of the outside world.

The scene of the novel is laid in rural Bengal, in the time of Lord Curzon's viceroyalty. Bengal has been ordered to be partitioned into Bengal proper and Eastern Bengal and Assam, as the Governor-General and his advisers considered it too large and too populous to administer efficiently as a single province. Leaders of Bengal opinion, however, interpret that move as an action directed against the growing national consciousness in that part of India. They beseech, they threaten the Viceroy, and when he refuses to yield, and Bengal is actually divided, a great wave of agitation sweeps from Calcutta, inundating the districts. To call English attention to their grievances, a boycott of British goods is declared, and every effort is made to get Bengalis to forswear wearing Manchester goods, and using other articles of British make. The novel is woven out of incidents that arise from that boycott in particular and the political ferment in general.

Bimala, the heroine of the story, is married to Nikhil, a wealthy landowner who, as is common in Bengal, is styled a Raja though he does not possess nor exercise any ruling powers. Upon his bounty lives Sandip—a subtle thinker and a man of magnetic personality, who has constituted himself as the apostle of boycott. By little and little he wins Bimala, brought up behind the purdah and emancipated with great difficulty by her progressive husband, until she has come to believe in such doctrines as burning other people's goods as a patriotic act, and even stealing her sister-in-law's money from her husband's safe to finance the movement that through arson, sinking of boats, and even murder, will, she is assured, usher in a new era for India. Nikhil, the husband, is an Indian of the old type, who does not believe in the Jesuitical formula that the end justifies the means. He refuses to compel the tenants that he holds in the hollow of his hand to burn foreign goods that they have in stock or to evict them or forcibly burn their belongings if they refuse to do so, though his fellow-landed-magnates, and even schoolboys, do not hesitate to brand him as a traitor who expects to rise in the estimation of the British officials, who would no doubt reward his staunchness by bestowing a foreign title upon him.

Rabindranath depicts, in his inimitable style, the struggle between Nikhil and Sandip, and its reaction upon Bimala's mind. As can be imagined, we get a story athrob with human passion—the best story, I am inclined to think, that we have had from this author. But better than the story, better even than the glimpse into the inmost life of Bengal of our day, we get an exposition of idealism—an essay couched in noble, dignified, poetic language—an essay written in the nature of a warning to Indians to pause before they have gone too far on the road of false patriotism, to turn back and save themselves from perdition ere it is too late. It is a book to be read and pondered, both by Indians and non-Indians alike.

It is for the best that Rabindranath has chosen this theme and treated it in this manner; for in doing so he has revealed to the Western reader the process of change from the old to the new which, but for him, would have remained a sealed book; while to the Indian he has succeeded in presenting a picture that will compel him to reconsider his position lest, in the name of modernisation, he may barter his precious heritage for a mess of nasty pottage.

I very much doubt that even Rabindranath could have achieved in English so naked, so unashamed a delineation of transitional Indian life. Not that I fear that his English is not adequate to develop the theme. I am afraid, however, that any Indian, in making such an attempt through a foreign tongue, would have felt more or less self-conscious. As it is, the merit of the present work is its utter absence of self-consciousness.

Speaking generally, the translator has done his work—extremely difficult work—remarkably well, though I fear that at times his English is not adequate to the task. In my judgment he ought to have contributed a prefatory note that would have explained to the reader unfamiliar with Indian events the inception of the boycott movement that provided Rabindranath with the opportunity to call attention to the tendencies that, if not arrested, may make India lose her soul.

ST. NIHAL SINGH.

* "The Home and the World." By Sir Rabindranath Tagore. Translated from the Bengali by Surendranath Tagore and Translation revised by the Author. 6s. net. (Macmillan.)

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less egotistical. Whatever the reason, this innovation adds considerably to the interest of the book. Henry Adams, whose death took place in 1914 in his seventy-seventh year, belonged to a famous New England family. His great-grandfather, John Adams, succeeded Washington in the Presidency of the United States in 1796; his grandfather, John Quincy Adams, was the sixth President; his father, Charles Francis Adams, was Minister at St. James's during the American Civil War and for some years following, and Henry Adams was during that period his father's private secretary. All, too, were writers, and to these should be added the name of Henry Adams's brother, who a short time ago also wrote his autobiography. It is therefore not to be wondered at that the use of the pen should come as naturally to him as the use of his native tongue. His previous writings are many; the "Life of John Randolph" in the American Statesmen series, the "History of the United States under Jefferson and Madison" in several volumes, and a study of Mediævalism, "Mont-Saint Michel and Chartres." He was also a contributor to *The Edinburgh Review* and *Westminster Review*, and for several years, when Assistant Professor of History at Harvard College, he edited the *North American Review*. Possessing intellectual powers of a very high order he was interested in science, history, philosophy, literature and politics. What amazes one is that such a great American was never asked to perform any duties of State, diplomatic or other—a manifest waste of power and energy. Reading between the lines one fancies one detects a note of disappointment that he was not so employed, but whatever dissatisfaction he may have felt is bravely carried off by his abounding humour. He was in no way jealous, no one rejoicing more than he when any friend's work was appreciated and recognised by those in authority. His loyalty towards his friend, John Hay, when the latter was Secretary of State under McKinley and Roosevelt, was characteristic of this high-principled and large-hearted man. Another friend in whose welfare he was absorbingly interested was Clarence King, of the Geological Survey. His description of his first meeting with that delightful personality, whose character he sketches in an exquisitely written passage, is memorable.

In his efforts to educate himself Henry Adams voyaged through many strange seas of Thought. He was equally nonplussed by the inexplicable ways of politicians and the perplexities of science. With regard to the former he seems to have cared no longer "whether he understood human nature or not; he understood quite as much of it as he wanted." Lord John Russell and Gladstone were not understandable. The stupendous discoveries of science seemed to convert the universe into a multiverse. The dynamic theory of history did not satisfy him. He ends his book with the following sentence:

"Perhaps some day—say 1938—their centenary [that is of himself, Clarence King and John Hay]—they might be allowed to return together for a holiday, to see the mistakes of their own lives made clear in the light of the mistakes of their successors; and perhaps then, for the first time since man began his education among the carnivores, they would find a world that sensitive and timid natures could regard without a shudder."

Adams's Autobiography is by far the most enchanting book it has been our luck to read for a long time. The wit and humour are delightful, the style exquisite, and as we lay the volume down, often, we hope, to be taken up again, we feel an intense affection for its author and a personal loss on recalling the fact that his pen is laid aside for ever.

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XUM

interest. The Tsar and he appear to have chatted together about things of small importance much as any two strangers thrown together by chance would have talked, and the diarist has a poor opinion altogether of the ill-fated Emperor. The immediate cause of the Revolution, he says, was the excessive influence of the Empress over her husband, never a capable or strong-minded man.

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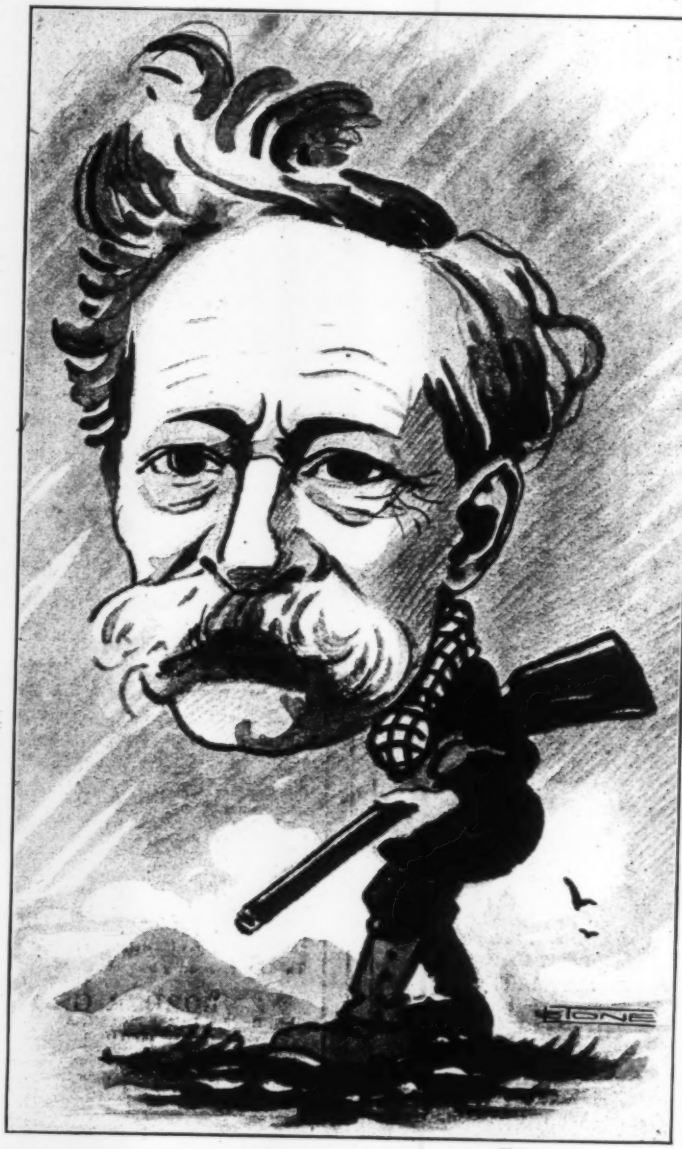

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his style. Like Dickens he has had many imitators, but none of them has imitated him with any success. His tales are a blend of comedy and farce, but however farcical they may be in incident, his dramatis personæ, with all their oddities, eccentricities, absurdities, quaintnesses, are faithfully realistic and never go beyond the actual vagaries of human character. You may find the Night Watchman in the flesh on more than one Thames wharf; and if you are familiar with the life of the waterside you will have met men who remind you curiously of Sam Small, Ginger Dick, Peter Russet, and other such Jacobean creations. No living humorist has told more good stories than Mr. Jacobs; none has made more new additions to that world of the imagination which is inhabited by fictitious men and women who seem too real never to have been so. There are at least three tales in "Deep Waters"—two of the Night Watchman's, "Paying Off" and "Shareholders," and that of the troublesome conversion of Mr. Billing the fighting man, "The Convert"—which Mr. Jacobs himself has never surpassed, either for whimsicality of idea or for the humorous art in the telling. To outline them would be to give no adequate idea of them; they depend so much for their effectiveness on droll turns of expression, the humour of dialogue and elusive suggestion. It is enough that a spirit of irresistible laughter is incarnate in the book, and that, apart from the slight sketch of "The Winter Offensive"—one might confidently rest on almost any one of its contents the claim that as a story writer pure and simple Mr. Jacobs is still our greatest living humorist.

EXCHANGE PROFESSORS.*

That extinct ogre, Dr. Münsterberg, showed the German's usual gratitude for all the kindness he received at Harvard, by saying that America would never appreciate first-class scholarship until the pupils were paid more for learning than the lecturers were for teaching. One hardly likes to conjecture where that learned Boche is now, but wherever he is, it must pain him horribly to find that the first great lesson Europe and America have taught each other is the hopeless barbarism of Germany. Music has been with her a camouflage, science a weapon, diplomacy a gas barrage, and propaganda an utter failure to persuade anybody about anything. Having undertaken to beat the Hun at everything, we have beaten him hollow in his favourite system of exchange professors, and of all the articulate and gifted men we have sent across to the west, none seemed to absorb its spirit so truly as Mr. Cecil Chesterton. Those of us who knew him may have surprised less fortunate folk who didn't by the extent to which we voiced our expectations of what he might accomplish, but I do not know that anyone went so far as to see in him a historian of the States. This will show how far even misprised prophecy can fall short of the facts, for in its grasp of a crowded and eventful century, in the compression of vast and complex material, and in the ease and cogency of its reasoning, this book may stand as a masterpiece. It assembles America's development into ten or eleven chapters which, like the arches of a great viaduct, rise and carry their burden easily, without concealment or disfigurement or effort.

Above all, the book is free from that nauseous grandiloquence which Goldwin Smith found in all the American histories up to his time, Bancroft included. Its analysis of Lincoln's motives is the core of a penetrating appreciation, and indeed the portraiture throughout of men like Washington, Jefferson, Calhoun, Lee, Aaron Burr, Hamilton, Henry Clay and the odious Sumner, is sound and discerning. The author might have stamped a word or two of well-earned infamy on Nicholas Biddle, the first great trust conspirator who tried to corrupt the young Republic for greed and then tried to ruin it for spite; but he does justice to the sturdy figure of Andrew Jackson who conquered this pioneer "boss" by dint of courage and transparency of motive. In this the great Democrat gave an example to his successor of our own day, but it is not so generally known that he was the first of the American Presidents to brave the odium of his own supporters by effecting a dignified reconciliation with England, the nation with whom, as he said in no empty words, "alike distinguished in peace and war, we may look forward to years of peaceful, honourable, and elevated competition." This deserves to be remembered of Jackson when reams of screeching chauvinism are forgotten, and Mr. Chesterton fitly concludes the episode by reminding us it was the truculent "Pam" who answered him gracefully and well by testifying to the fair and admirable treatment this country had received at Jackson's hands from the first. These are things that needed saying afresh, and Mr. Chesterton has said them well. His style, calmly argued and delightfully lucid, survives even the comparison imposed by the introduction his brother supplies. It is grave and affectionate and sincere, as every "*ave, frater, atque vale*" ought to be, and it lays a noble wreath upon the soldier-grave of a man who had more of the heroic in him than he cared to let other men discover.

Professor McLaughlin of Chicago has been lecturing over here on the growth of Anglo-American feeling, and now that five of his addresses are collected, they show what a wealth of historical research he has fused into the service of true patriotism and humanity. Like Colonel Palmer's war pictures of the American forces in France, it recognises how inevitable America's entry was, no less than the issue, and the ultimate victory for humanity. On the basis of such clear thinking and forthright speaking as these books contain, we cannot fear for the future.

J. P. C.

* "A History of the United States." By the late Cecil Chesterton. 6s. net. (Chatto & Windus.)—"America and Britain." By Prof. A. C. McLaughlin. 4s. 6d. net. (Dent.)—"America and France: The Story of the Making of an Army." By Lt.-Col. Frederick Palmer. 7s. 6d. net. (Murray.)

Novel Notes.

SONIA MARRIED. By Stephen McKenna. 6s. 9d. net. (Hutchinson.)

In "Sonia Married" Mr. McKenna has made a benevolent but somewhat garrulous busybody—who, with three other men form a sort of chorus—the mouthpiece of his story. The old gentleman describes Sonia as without very much depth of character. She is indeed a society butterfly who to the amazement of family and friends has married a man who is not only blind, poor and illegitimate, but in every other way unsuitable. After a few weeks of married life he leaves her to take up a post as master at a school. It is not very clear why he does this, for public schoolmasters are badly paid and his salary will not go far towards paying for the hospitality, pearls and ermine coats in which his wife is described as indulging. His reasons for leaving her seem no more adequate to Sonia than they do to the reader. She is hurt at what seem to her coldness and detachment; she is also jealous of his secretary, a young woman with a past. The result is what might be expected. Sonia, left to her own devices, drifts into undesirable flirtations, eventually leaving her home with the villain of the story. Grayle, the man with whom she has fled, discovers, however, that her presence in his house is likely to have an adverse effect on his political career, and Sonia is thrown on her own resources. Her rescue—by the chorus, her return to her husband's roof and the birth of Grayle's child follow. The scene of the story is England during the latter part of the war and a careful account is given of its condition, of the fall of the Asquith Government and of the various political situations arising therefrom. In parts the book is long-winded, but the incongruous presence of the chorus on all sorts of inappropriate occasions—such as keeping Sonia company just before the birth of her child—gives it a touch of comic relief which is welcome.

THE RUBBER PRINCESS. By G. B. Burgin. 6s. 9d. net. (Hutchinson.)

Of humour which is charming and whimsical, the pretty little cockney "Blinder" of Mr. Burgin's new novel proves an unending source. Her love affairs embroider the more serious romance of her adorable mistress, Beryl Dennison. Beryl, courageously sacrificing herself to her egotistical father, faces the peril of London air-raids, until the little household is borne away to the safety of the countryside by Dennison's old friend, Sir Hilary Penderell. But the countryside holds more than safety for Beryl; it holds a wounded hero whom she nurses back to health, and a hypocritical stockbroker, who, under her magic influence, gives up his wealth to secure her happiness. The story is told vivaciously in Mr. Burgin's usual light vein, the plot evolving cleverly through a series of engrossing incidents that are edged by turns with humour, sentiment and pathos. A thoroughly enjoyable romance.

THE LEOPARD'S LEAP. By "Boxwallah." 6s. net. (Melrose.)

This novel of English life in Burma reveals more knowledge of the East than of the art of fiction. For the author has been content with the familiar plot of matrimonial entanglement and the flirtations and disloyalties apparently inseparable from tales of the hills. Without literary skill of unusual quality such a story is apt to pall, and the emotions depicted seem too trivial and ill-founded to merit the name of passion. The dramatis personæ of this tale are familiar enough—officers, judges, civilians, either unhappily married or with a weakness for devoting their superfluous leisure to admiring somebody else's wife. Thus Captain Tracy Tomson, for no very obvious reason, neglects his wife Hilda, and falls deeply in love with Helen Whitham, the young wife of a middle-aged judge. Passion ultimately triumphs over loyalty, but the author sternly refuses the easy way of the happy ending. A dangerous spot on a hill-pass, known as the Leopard's Leap, affords Hilda a "way out," and a few weeks later her conscience-smitten husband is overtaken by destiny in the same place.

THE BARBER OF PUTNEY. By J. B. Morton. 7s. (Allan.)

Tim Hendrick, the barber, goes to the war, and though he does not give his experiences personally, this account of the happenings of those years is certainly given by one who was there. Where a number of men are gathered together jokes are inevitable, but facetiousness is not the dominant note—we have instead a simply told presentation of life in the ranks at the front. The three outstanding figures are Tim, who gets to hate it all bitterly in nervous disgust at its horrors, and yet who never fails; Curley, who can sleep anywhere and whose advice is, "Don't never think, keep doing something. When you 'aven't a job, sleep. If you can't sleep, get a job," and O'Hanlon, a poet who joined as a private—men so different and so alike in essentials. The incidents are such as the public have heard of from time to time, but told more intimately. Given as a narrative stretching over a long period—from the gates of adventure, where so many young men made their start—through the Somme battles and down to the armistice, it forms an impressive picture of the light-heartedness, courage and fearful experiences of the men. This is a book not only to read but to keep as a reminder for future years.

THE SILVER BAG. By Thomas Cobb. 7s. net. (Lane.)

The discovery of a lady's bag in Valentine Brook's bachelor chambers was the cause of a most prodigious tangle. For the bag was left during the temporary occupancy of his friend, Derrick Chambers, and another friend, Lionel Windermere, who was suffering from jealousy of his wife, took it into his head, when he heard the story, that the bag had been left there by Mrs. Windermere. To add to the complication a mysterious and very attractive young woman called on Valentine and requested the

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return of the bag, and presently Valentine was asked to call at the house of another lady who demanded his intentions towards the mysterious and very attractive young woman who acted as her secretary. From all this it will be gathered that there is plenty of complexity in this story. All the characters are on the rush all the time, and all are on false scents. But although the reader may well feel that the play is often not worth the candle, he is not likely to anticipate the correct solution of the tangle. For Mr. Cobb, it need not be said, is an old hand at the game, and can tell a story excellently well. The characters are the veriest puppets, but there are amusing situations and some admirable comedy.

JOHN DENE OF TORONTO. By Herbert Jenkins. 6s. net. (Jenkins.)

In an interval between the third "Bindle" book and a fourth, which is under way, Mr. Jenkins has written "John Dene of Toronto," which he rightly describes as "a Comedy of Whitehall"—but it is a sensational comedy, and both the comedy and the sensation are the real things. John Dene is a confident, aggressive Canadian, and he arrives in England during the worst days of the war with an infallible recipe for sinking the German U-boats. He has invented a special vessel for their destruction, and to enable it to work while submerged has fitted it with a special light—another discovery of his—that can pierce the density of water and illuminate its darkness for a long distance. Filled with patriotic ardour, he wants to present his invention to the nation, but will not give away his secret, and stipulates that he himself shall be in charge of the boat, as no one else, without his knowledge of its mechanism, can work it. Being a determined as well as a quaint person, John shocks the complacence of the official Dillies and Dallies and secures the chance he wanted to carry out his designs. But before he is ready to leave London the Germans get wind of his doings and their intricate network of spies begins to close round him. He scorns everything English as inevitably old-fashioned, and is chagrined that it is the British Secret Service which knows all his own movements and saves him more than once from the wiles of his enemies; but at length he is kidnapped under the eyes of his charming secretary, Dorothy West, and all Scotland Yard's frantic efforts failing, a reward of £20,000 is offered in vain for news of him. Nevertheless, reports are presently coming in of the sinking of U-boats in large numbers off Denmark, and the British Government is as much mystified as the German, till—but it is an excellent mystery and not to be given away by a reviewer. It is so ingeniously contrived and kept that the reader has no suspicion that there is a mystery till the time comes for the *dénouement*. A capital story, lightly and crisply written, with plenty of sparkle in its dialogue, it handles an exciting theme and its attendant love interest smartly and with an abounding sense of humour. John Dene ought to rival Bindle in popularity, and probably will.

THE BEACH OF DREAMS. By H. de Vere Stacpoole. 6s. 9d. net. (Hutchinson.)

An uninhabited island forms a fascinating background for adventure, as imagination can do with it what it will; but Mr. de Vere Stacpoole has in Kerguelin, on the edge of the Antarctic circle, an island in itself terrible enough for all needs; a dreary, savage place of towering rocks, deadly bogs filling the hollows in their surfaces; its shore the nursery of sea elephants and penguins. Upon this shore are cast Cleo de Bronsart, dainty, high-born and rich, and two rough sailors, the only survivors from the wreck of a prince's princely yacht. On Kerguelin, that elemental place, Cleo realises how elemental she is herself under her veneer, and what an addition to a strong will and a high spirit is a long sharp knife in times of trouble. The old conventions of rank and fashion fall away from her never to return after Raft, another castaway sailor, finds her in time to save her from destruction and nurse her back to health. The author's lively and vivid descriptions of the different aspects of that wild land and of the way in which Cleo battles against all odds, together make a stirring story which will be welcomed by a host of readers.

DEMOCRACY. By Shaw Desmond. 6s. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

"Democracy" is apparently a first novel, and as is generally the case is more a promise than a performance. A novel is a large piece of work; it fills over three hundred pages, and to keep on a high level of excellence throughout needs a sustained effort of which not many people are capable, and that more particularly when the writer is ambitious and deals with large subjects in a large way. To present such a subject as Democracy in an interesting manner is so difficult that few would care to tackle it in a work of fiction, and if we say that it needed more literary craft than Mr. Desmond has as yet acquired, we are only saying that he has attempted something great—all honour to him—but has not quite carried it to a successful issue. The chapters which follow on the opening four are the best in the book. They make you realise what Mr. Desmond can do, and although the interest flags in the latter half and you toil through stretches of desert sand, you feel you have made the one important discovery—your author has power and he can write. We shall look forward to the book Mr. Desmond will give us when the wine of his spirit is more mature.

MR. MISFORTUNE. By Marjorie Bowen. 6s. net. (Collins.)

Miss Marjorie Bowen makes a picturesque character of Charles Edward Stewart, the Young Pretender, or Mr. Misfortunate—as he was styled by the Whigs of his time. The little known adventures of the Prince after the disaster of the '45 Scottish Expedition—adventures which led to the downfall of his cause—are recounted with unfailing skill and charm. The prologue contains some fine bits of descriptive writing, and the reader quickly finds himself immersed in the proper atmosphere for appreciating the events that follow. There are many exciting and thrilling scenes in Prince Charlie's life, but ever is misfortune at his heels, until at length he is, as he says himself, "Like a homeless dog on whom every door is shut!—forced to skulk in holes and corners." The Prince's charm of manner, and his bravado, are well brought out in the story; but neither charm nor bravado, nor the pluck of his adherents, nor the admiration and sympathy of Court ladies could avert his fate. It is a story full of colour and movement, that holds the interest throughout.

THE STERNDALES OF STERNDALE HOUSE. By Mrs. M. H. Spielmann. 7s. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

There is good reason why this novel concludes with a genealogical table, and had it been more complete the gratitude of its readers would have been sensibly increased. For it must be confessed that Mrs. Spielmann has woven so many threads into the story that it is not easy to disentangle the complexity, more especially as the story is wide in its sweep and covers three generations of a family's history. The best work in the book is given to the drawing of the first generation, Mrs. Sterndale and her two sons. The mother favours the worthless son, Steven, a heartless spendthrift and moral weakling, who brings ruin into more than one woman's life. Too late Mrs. Sterndale comes to understand the nobility and sacrifice of David Sterndale under whose sheltering roof she died with his brother's name on her lips. The Sterndales had fallen upon evil days, and the shabby gentility of the home and the bickering and cross-purposes of the mother and two sons are described with real power. The later life of David Sterndale is but an interlude to the story which passes on to the fortunes of his only child, Doris, who finds happiness in her second marriage with one who proved to be her cousin and a son of the heartless Steven. This is a pleasant story on old-fashioned lines, and for that very reason it will commend itself to many.

THE HERMIT OF FAR END. By Margaret Pedler. 6s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

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THE GODS DECIDE. By Richard Bagot. 7s. net. (Methuen.)

This is a long and very careful study of political conditions in Italy during the war, woven into a story of absorbing interest. The Conte di San Fedele had married a wealthy woman of South American origin, but her fortune was lost in a financial crisis. This misfortune, together with her childless marriage and her realisation of her social inferiority, aroused the worst side of her character, and her jealousy was ill-concealed when her husband's wealthy and beautiful cousin, Vittoria Graziani, came to live with them as a ward. When the war broke out the sympathies of the family were sharply divided; the Conte and his cousin were staunchly for the Allies, while his wife sided eagerly with the Vatican and pro-German party. The local agent for the Germans was the Commendatore Azzini, whose cunning soon led him to prey on the jealousy and cupidity of the Contesse. The wiles and stratagems of the Commendatore, whose lonely villa became the centre of a vastly successful system of wireless telegraphy, are described in a thrilling manner, as is the manner of his discomfiture and defeat at the hands of a shrewd sailor-boy from the Italian Navy. The Commendatore made his escape; his dupe, the Contesse, found hers by means of an overdose of the drug to which she had long been a victim. After much good service and sacrifice in the war, the Conte and Vittoria had their due reward. The book well merits careful attention. Much knowledge and good workmanship have gone to its making, and the result is an historical romance of very high quality. On Italy's attitude to the war we have encountered no such enlightening book.

The Bookman's Table.

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of his imaginary Ilond: "Here, once upon a time, stood a big arsenal, where men wrought with great machines to make other machines to kill other men." Of many cities, of Fellowship, of Capital and Labour and divers problems Mr. Thomas speaks in describing his Ilond. "Very foolish dreaming," he calls it himself; but really it is only sheer common sense; he makes one realise that it is we who are awake in this far from Ilondian world who are the foolish ones. But, as we know, there are many "foolish dreams" of the past that have now become accomplished facts, and who can say but what Mr. Thomas's "Ilond" may not one day materialise from the realm of dreams? The essays on "Silence," "On Finishing a Book" and on "The Journey Home" make very entertaining reading; and what Mr. Thomas has to say about "Minor Inconveniences" should fill with delight the editor of a certain well-known boys' magazine. "A Danger to the State" is a vivid little sketch in which the author's tolerance is wrapped like a cloak around the interesting figure of "Evan Lloyd." It is a true story that he claims to tell. Lloyd is a man who, having a commission in the Territorials, in 1914, suddenly does a strange and courageous thing. What this thing is we must leave the reader to discover (it is only fair to the author), and content ourselves by quoting the last paragraph of this admirably told sketch. "I have not written this to defend Lloyd," writes Mr. Thomas. "Such a man neither asks, nor needs, any defence. I could not for myself accept all his ideas, and to many people, I know, they will savour of madness. But, of course, to most of us the prophets have always been mad. Nor (as I have said) do I blame the authorities for their action against him. A man like Lloyd is, clearly, a danger to the State. One can only wonder what kind of State it is to which one who will give up everything for the Kingdom of God can be a danger." We would urge those who have not yet made acquaintance with Mr. Thomas's work to do so as soon as possible. He is a writer that one cannot afford to overlook.

JOHN AYSCOUGH'S LETTERS TO HIS MOTHER. Edited with an Introduction by Frank Bickerstaffe-Drew. 10s. 6d. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

Professionally Monsignor Francis Bickerstaffe-Drew is Senior Roman Catholic Chaplain to the Forces. In the world of letters he has written a number of novels under the name of "John Ayscough"; though it can hardly be said that his books have attained that celebrity which his brother priests, Dr. William Barry and the late Monsignor Hugh Benson, have won for *their* essays in fiction. The volume before us consists in a series of letters written by Monsignor Bickerstaffe-Drew on active service during the years 1914, 1915 and 1916 and addressed to his beloved mother, Mrs. Bickerstaffe, from whom the writer had scarcely been separated a day for thirty years. Designed to entertain an old lady, whose tenure of life was very precarious and was, in fact, cut short by the enforced isolation from her son, these letters are of course cheerful in tone, heightening the humours and minimising the danger and discomfort of war, relating interesting stories of the distinguished personages with whom the chaplain came into contact, and encouraging his correspondent to be with him in spirit by embarking in the same course of reading. "The Newcomes," "David Copperfield," "Richard Feverel" and "Can You Forgive Her?" are among the famous novels which come under review; and though "John Ayscough" can hardly be called a born critic, he discusses these works, as he discusses Lord Lyons's "Memoirs" or Cobbett's "Rural Rides," with an agreeable absence of pedantry or of prejudice, and with a knack of getting the ear of his readers. The anecdotes, too, which he has to tell his mother, are most of them uncommonly good. We particularly like that story of the doubled-edged compliment paid by an orderly to the H.A.C. "Ah, in that regiment even the 'orses are baronets!"

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FOUR-FIFTY MILES TO FREEDOM.

By Captain M. A. B. Johnston, R.G.A., and Captain K. D. Yearsley, R.E. 7s. 6d. net. (Blackwood.)

From August 7th, 1918, when these eight British officers escaped from the Prisoners-of-War Camp at Yosgad, in Asia Minor, till September 12th, when they arrived at Cyprus, is the period of the journey, and an excellent map enables the reader to make out the trail. The story of the march is told quite simply. Its hardships are not exaggerated, its difficulties not unduly stressed. Yet it was inevitable that the hardships of such a progress—scarcity of water in especial—should be great, and the difficulties overcome were often tremendous. For a prisoner to get clear away at the outset means a vast amount of patience and forethought, and disappointments were plentiful before Captain Johnston and his comrades, aided by the friends they left behind them, went out into the night and saw the Turkish commandment no more. At the very end, when they had reached the coast, there was a weary time of waiting in concealment before the empty motor-boat was available for their departure. The ingenuity displayed in avoiding capture, in adapting clothes, and in cookery, is only matched by the courage and daring of the gallant fugitives. The book ends on a characteristic note of thanksgiving for the "Divine intervention which brought us through."

From **Four Hundred and Fifty Miles to Freedom** (*Blackwood*).

Life in the Ravine.
Sketched to Author's description by Hal Kay.

GARDEN FIRST IN LAND DEVELOPMENT.

By William Webb, F.S.I. 5s. net. (Longmans.)

This book, written in 1916, describes the construction of the Garden First Estate, "which lies rather between the suburban and the completely rustic," and "while embracing the convenience and luxury of present-day civilisation, retains some of those elements of rural life that constitute its attraction." The geographical situation is not exactly stated, but we gather that the position is within a reasonable distance of London, so that the inhabitants, prosperous business or professional men, after their daily work in the City, may enjoy at night the due refreshment of beautiful surroundings. The author has taken great pains to explain the whole scheme of this development in town planning. He deals in detail with the hedges and trees to be planted, the gardens to be laid out, the roads to be constructed, and the materials to be employed in house-building. In the chapter on finance and law the information and advice given on the initial steps of laying out an estate on the lines suggested are particularly useful, and all who are interested in town planning would do well to consult Mr. Webb's book. A large number of collotype illustrations add to the utility of the work. The author is not proposing any solution of the housing problem for the working classes but is content to suggest better housing conditions for those who can afford to pay the necessary price.

THE EQUIPMENT OF THE WORKERS.

10s. 6d. net. (Allen & Unwin.)

This "Enquiry by the St. Philip's Settlement Education and Economics Research Society into the adequacy of the adult manual workers for the discharge of their responsibilities as heads of households, producers, and citizens," comes from the Y.M.C.A. Settlement at Sheffield. It was initiated in 1916 by five persons "desirous of a revolutionary reconstruction of society," and wisely anxious for an "impregnable basis of statistical fact" as the beginning of such reconstruction. Clergymen, school teachers, shop assistants, housewives and men and women of other and various occupations have all helped in the good work, and the result is a volume within its limited area as thorough in its information and as scientific and reliable in its expression as Charles Booth's survey of London poverty. The Sheffield inquirers are inspired by the belief that reconstruction is education, meaning by education "the spiritualisation of the community." They are convinced that not the material but the spiritual side of poverty needs attention, and that without neglecting the building up of the bodies of people, we must "simultaneously refine their natures." Philanthropy alone, they tell us, will not suffice unless it is accompanied by self-sacrifice. The value of this piece of historical work done by the Sheffield settlement is very great. It provides knowledge badly needed by legislators and administrators, and should be studied by all engaged on social reconstruction.

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TRAINING THE AIRMEN.

By Cecil Roberts. With 8 Illustrations and a Foreword by Lord Weir. 3s. 6d. net. (Murray.)

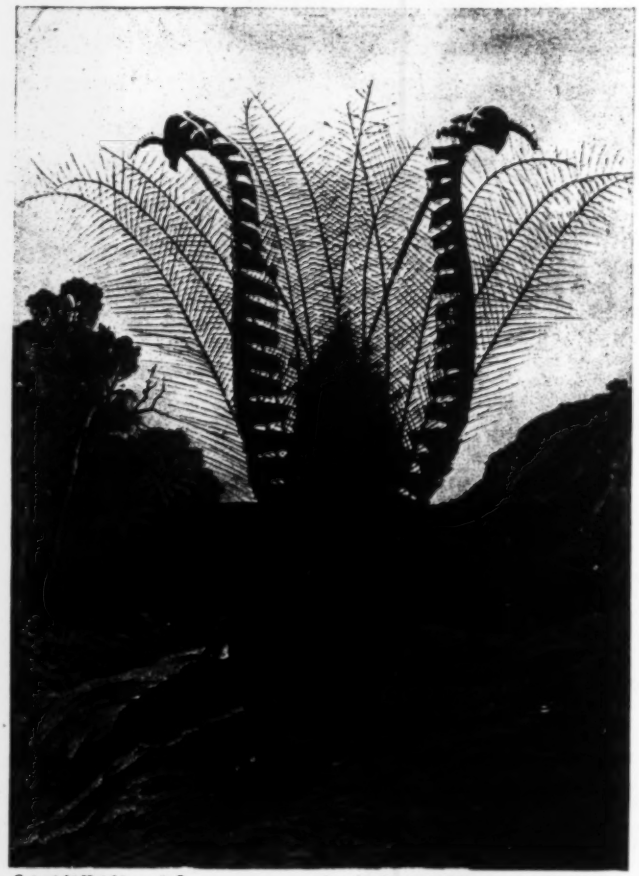
THE KINGDOM OF THE AIR.

By Edgar C. Middleton. With 6 Illustrations and an Introductory Poem by Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, C.S.I. 6s. net. (Burrow.)

THE WAY TO FLY.

By "Avion." With 8 Plates and 63 Diagrams. 3s. 6d. net. (Pearson.)

A good deal has been written — mostly in impressionistic newspaper articles — about the psychology of "airmen," by which the writers always mean aeroplane pilots. To be pedantic, "airmen" are the mechanics of the Royal Air Force — people who very seldom fly. But that is neither here nor there; save for its unfortunate relationship with the title of Mr. Cecil Roberts's very likeable and well-meaning little book, which has nothing to do with the training of the only people who are officially entitled to call themselves airmen. Everybody will understand that he means pilots and observers—which is good enough. But I am afraid that most of the people are wrong who have written about us (I was an aeroplane pilot myself). They have seen us looming dimly — as it were — behind a glamour of novelty. Now, a fog not only blurs the sight; it also magnifies. And the result has been that any funny little idiosyncrasies any of us may have possessed have acquired a tremendous—and unwarranted—importance. Lots of these little personal ways have been exaggerated into the tremendously significant actions of a new, and possibly semi-divine, type. Mr. Roberts, I am sorry to say, commits this error. So long as his airmen are mere flight-cadets in training on the ground he feels at home among them, and writes very well about them and their way of life. But when they take to the air they very quickly pass beyond his comprehension. You see, he feels sure that there must be an Air Type, and that the Air Type is Jolly Fine—and he begins, from an incorrect starting-point of view, to dissect us. He takes Captain Ball as a typical "airman." Now Captain Ball's life is an example to us all, and is already one of the most glorious traditions of the Royal Air Force (which had to make its traditions on the spot, as it were). But he was *not* typical. He was a brilliant exception—so exceptional that he got the V.C.



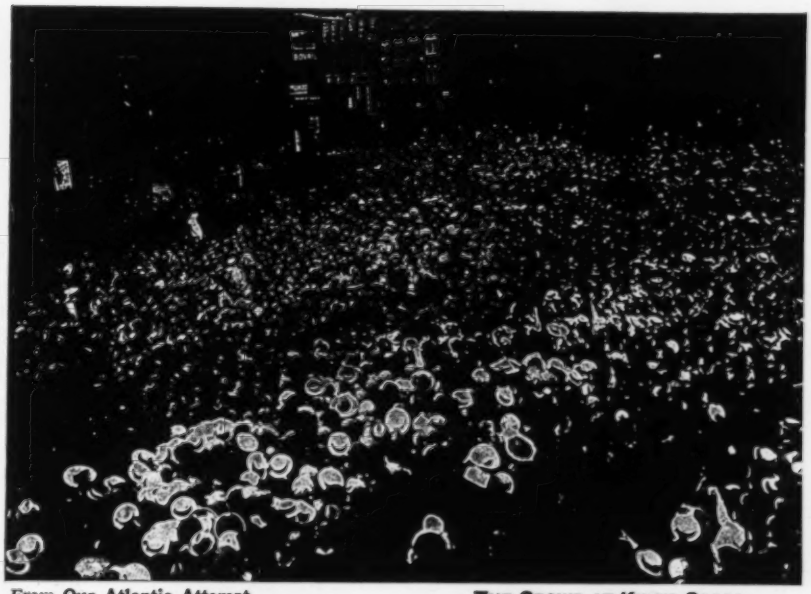
Copyright Hutchinson & Co.
From **Bird Behaviour** (*Hutchinson*).

Lyre Birds (Male and Female).
The Lyre bird is the largest of singing birds and is one of the few birds which shows decorative plumage without brilliant colours.

So, I am afraid that to my way of thinking, Mr. Roberts's book rather misses the mark when the writer is dealing with our psychology. After all, *is* there an Air Type? I am a little doubtful about it. The virtues which Mr. Roberts and many other writers so belaud and, in my opinion, magnify, are surely no more than those of the English public school in a new setting. And, honestly, we don't quite like this sort of thing. We don't mind being thought heroic—perhaps—but we are not "abnormal"; really we are not. We are very ordinary people, with no particular eccentricities. Mr. Edgar C. Middleton, in "The Kingdom of the Air," sees this, and his estimate of necessary flying characteristics is a fairly correct one. But he too is inclined to make the pilot rather an unusual person, not in mental, but in physical, attainments. Enormous strength is not needed in the pilot even of a so-called "giant" aeroplane, nor, provided that you do not intend to go *very* high, is any amazing degree of physical fitness required. Mr. Middleton, who probably knows better, is so unfortunate as to give the impression that they are necessary. For the rest, his book is a sort of general survey of the work done by aircraft during the war and of their possibilities and probable uses in peace. Of its two divisions the latter is the better. It shows sound sense and a very just appreciation of difficulties.

"Avion" doesn't worry himself about the Air Type. His book is severely practical, and, although I agree with his warning that you cannot learn to fly by a book, I believe that "The Way to Fly" will teach as nearly as any book can. It is really a remarkable performance on the part of "Avion," who sets before his readers not only mere descriptions of the way to use their hands and feet while in the air, but a lot of most useful information on engines, rigging, map-reading, and aerial navigation. Perhaps he might have been a little more expansive about side-slipping, especially in its relation to forced landings, when such information is useful. But this is the only weak point that I can see in a well-illustrated book that deserves to become a classic in its particular line. The increase of knowledge may add to it, but it can never be superseded, for its basic principles are sound and true.

L. T. S.



From Our Atlantic Attempt (*Methuen*).

THE CROWD AT KING'S CROSS.
(PUZZLE: FIND HAWKER AND GRIEVE)

TEMPORARY CRUSADERS.

By CECIL SOMMERS. 6s. net. (Lane.)

Mr. Sommers's new book will not disappoint the high expectations awakened by his excellent "Temporary Heroes." For here again in this diary, 'written from day to day, in many queer places, at many peculiar times, of actual happenings," we meet with the same agreeable qualities of keen humour and observation and the same proofs of the merry heart that goes all the way. The little book is full of the restraint that is the valued characteristic of the best books about the war, but it has also positive literary qualities of a very high order. It is full of admirable pen pictures and conveys a very marked unity of impression. Almost at random we choose an account of a court-martial as an example of Mr. Sommers's engaging method. "To-day I took part in a court-martial which would have given points to any farce yet staged. A wretched member of the Egyptian Labour Corps was charged with having in his possession several ounces of hashish, a deadly crime, and in addition a few little knick-knacks in the shape of Government spirit-levels and planes. Amongst the exhibits were a lady's reticule, seven packs of playing cards, twelve tins of tobacco, a dozen lead pencils, one embroidered waistcoat, and sixty-five packets of Epsom salts. Quite a connoisseur. . . . The first witness was a genial old fellow of some sixty summers. He was chiefly concerned in explaining to us at some length that the Egyptian was not invariably honest. We made a note of this, and carried on. The escort was a very old corporal of the R.E., with long drooping moustache, hollow cheeks, a loosely flapping uniform, and legs so formed that it was impossible to say whether he was standing at attention or at ease."

SOPHIA MATILDA PALMER, COMTESSE DE FRANQUEVILLE, 1852-1915.

By HER SISTER, LADY LAURA RIDDING. With 5 Illustrations. 16s. net. (Murray.)

Lady Laura Ridding's memoir of her sister admirably presents a vivid picture of a most lovable and unselfish personality, and of a life spent in the oftentimes difficult exercise of a natural philanthropy. The Comtesse de Franqueville may not have been a great public figure, but among her circle of friends—a wide and distinguished circle—her influence was great. She is described by a French priest who knew her during the last years of her life as "venerated in the deepest manner by the whole neighbourhood, possessed by a passion for duty, afire with interest in the spiritual work of the parish, sustained by admirable faith and generous love, which sent its beams far and wide." He added that she claimed to be "vraiment Catholique. . . . Si, de droit, elle était hors de *corps* de l'Eglise, de fait, par ses vertus, elle appartenait sûrement à son *âme*." The biography, which has a strong Church interest, deserves to be read not only for the worthiness of its subject but for the dignified charm of its composition.

YASHKA.

By MARIA BOTCHKAREVA. (Constable.)

The contents of this fascinating volume—the autobiography of the founder and leader of the famous Russian women's Battalion of Death—were dictated by the author and recorded in English by Isaac Don Levine, who is to be congratulated on the excellence of the writing and on the skill with which he has fulfilled the twofold rôle of translator and editor. It is difficult to say what portion of the

From Sophia Matilda Palmer, Comtesse de Franqueville, which has just been published by Mr. John Murray.

CHÂTEAU DE LA MUETTE AT PASSY.

narrative is most interesting, the engrossing earlier chapters of Yashka's girlhood and womanhood or her amazing adventures as a Russian Joan of Arc. Yashka (the soldiers' name for their companion) belonged to the poorest peasant class, and only a woman of extraordinary grit and endurance could have survived the hardships and cruelty of her childhood and married life. It was real patriotism that drove her to enlist, for which special permission was granted by the Tsar. Yashka very soon established her position among her fellow-soldiers and her distinguished bravery silenced all jesting criticism. When the Revolution came, she founded the battalion of her own sex, few of whom survived their first acquaintance with real war. Yashka became suspect to the Bolshevist leaders and her escape to America is not the least exciting part of the book. The volume throws a flood of light on recent Russian history and on the personalities of its most famous and most infamous leaders.

From Edward Wyndham Tennant,
By his mother, Pamela Glenconner (*John Lane*).
A second edition is now in the press.

EDWARD WYNDHAM TENNANT.

THE SILENCE OF COLONEL BRAMBLE.

By ANDRÉ MAUROIS. Translated from the French. 5s. net. (Lane.)

Fashion in the covering of books with pictorial wrappers is sometimes misleading, as in the case of "The Silence of Colonel Bramble." Glancing at the cover one reader put the volume aside as a "war novel." He took it up again, minus the cleverly designed wrapper, and discovered the book to be a work of peculiar charm and attraction, a tender, intimate, witty presentation of a small group of British officers with their French interpreter companion. The colonel, the major, the doctor, the padre, and Aurelle, these are the principal people whose talk we listen to as it is rendered by a French writer who must have learnt to know the British with quite unusual thoroughness. It is indeed by the ready ease of the writer in the presentation of his work that the French quality is noticeable, rather than by anything in the point of view; it suggests indeed such intimacy of understanding as is rare indeed. The good stories easily and naturally introduced into the talk of the delightful five who mess together, and listen afterwards to the colonel's gramophone, give a curious air of reality to the group so cleverly vignetted against the lurid background of the war. How the padre shot his lion is a delicious yarn, and thoroughly characteristic is the author's close to the chapter of which that yarn is a part: "Aurelle, rather dazed, fuddled with the Indian sun and the scent of wild animals, at last realised that this world is a great park laid out by a gardener god for the gentlemen of the United Kingdoms." Not since Max O'Rell was among us has there been such lovingly humorous presentation of British character by a French pen.

MR. WARWICK DEEPING,
whose new novel, "Second Youth," will be published this month by Messrs. Cassell.

SAPPER DOROTHY LAWRENCE: THE ONLY ENGLISH WOMAN SOLDIER;

Late Royal Engineers, 51st Division, 179th Tunnelling Company, B.E.F. 5s. net. (Lane.)

Adventures are to the adventurous, and "Sapper Dorothy Lawrence" succeeded in obtaining her fair share of them after having resolved to get to the front in France, disguised as a Tommy. That her narrative is a true one is attested by a letter written by one of the author's "Sapper" chums. It is a sufficiently remarkable narrative too, telling how, with the collusion of certain individuals whom she somewhat grandiosely refers to as "units" of her "army," the author succeeded for a brief time in France, in the latter half of 1915, as a soldier, and even in getting in that guise to the fighting front. The strange thing is that the author should have found so many people to further her in her escapade, up to the point when confession as to her sex led to her arrest. Miss Lawrence is unduly severe on the sergeant who caused her arrest, but it would assuredly have been a grave breach of his duty had he not done so.

MR. LOUIS CALVERT,
whose "Problems of the Actor," with Introduction by H. B. Irving, Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall are publishing.

TEN YEARS NEAR THE GERMAN FRONTIER.

By MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN. 12s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

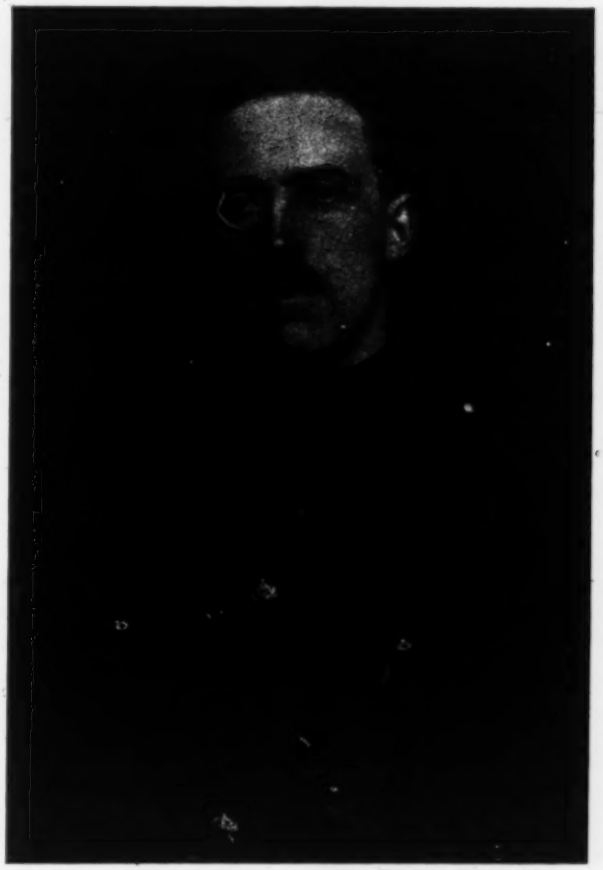
In this admirably racy and readable volume Mr. Maurice Francis Egan gives an account of the ten recent and critical years which he spent as American Minister to Denmark. Representing the Government of the United States at Copenhagen—"the whispering gallery of Europe"—Mr. Egan was naturally brought into close touch not only with the Royal Household and the Diplomatic Corps, but also with every wandering celebrity who made a passing call at the Danish capital. The result is a graphic and animated picture of upper-class life at Copenhagen, and a number of excellent stories of well-known men and women who from time to time were domiciled there. What, however, Mr. Egan has more especially set himself to depict in his book—and what he shows most convincingly—is the systematic fashion in which German Kultur was preached in the three Scandinavian kingdoms, among the stubborn, democratic Norwegians, among the chivalrous and aristocratic Swedes and among the cynical, disillusioned and pleasure-loving Danes. Judging from his own experience Mr. Egan supports the current view that the Lutheran parsons and the university professors were among the most ardent propagandists of Pan-Germanism; and as illustrating the naïve insolence of the average German soldier and diplomat he tells how at dinner once a distinguished German official calmly suggested to him that he was in the secret pay of Russia.

LIFE IN THE OPEN.

By DUGALD SEMPLE. 2s. net. (Bell.)

All disciples of the open air hail with delight a book by Mr. Dugald Semple, and may be sure of finding in it inspiration and sound advice. This handy little volume contains a series of racy, cheering articles that make one yearn for the hills and fields and a life lived under the open sky. Mr. Semple is, and always has been, a splendid advocate for his creed, and has many enthusiastic followers. His gospel is the gospel of simplicity, and he preaches health and freedom. Although, as he points out, "We must never lose sight of our social obligations. The victims of city life need our help in a thousand different ways. But on the other hand, it is our duty to live as near to our ideal as we possibly can, whilst at the same time acting in co-operation with others." He has done this himself, testing all manner of methods of living the simple life. In his present publication he has much to tell us of the joys of camping, of living in a caravan, of existence in a colony, and many other things besides; his articles are illustrated with excellent photographs. Nature lovers will hardly need to be recommended to buy a book by one who is well known to be so ardently, and so practically, one of them.

LIEUTENANT H. L. SIMPSON,
whose striking book of poems, "Moods and Tenses," was published last month by Mr. Erskine Macdonald.



MR. FRANCIS BRETT YOUNG,
Author of "The Young Physician," to be published on October 2nd by Collins.

NOTES OF A CAMP-FOLLOWER ON THE WESTERN FRONT.

By E. W. HORNUNG. 6s. net. (Constable.)

The author of "Raffles" helped in the war by doing good service with the Y.M.C.A. in France, and in these reminiscences he has set down some account of the men he met and ministered to. Pathos and humour, sympathetic observation, and an obviously genuine liking for the company of the Y.M.C.A. hut make the book singularly attractive, and the many who valued the comforts and decencies provided by the Y.M.C.A. and are now out of the army will read it with interest. Others may also read it if they desire reassurance that the Y.M.C.A. deserves all the praise bestowed upon it. Mr. Hornung tells of his arrival at the hut, of Christmas up the line, and of that excellent institution, the library hut, and of the favourite books, and variety of choice. He should destroy the notion that the British Army consisted of a mythical "Tommy," that is of a class of persons all similarly minded. He found, what everybody might know, that in the British

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Army were men of utterly different tastes, opinions, and occupations, and that every novelist of repute, classical or merely popular, had his (or her) followers. Incidentally Mr. Hornung has a very sensible word on the current, but appalling, everyday language amongst soldiers. The excellent padres too often preached about rough language as a mortal sin. To Mr. Hornung "Taste is the bed-rock of this matter, and what is harmless at one's own fireside might well empty a public hall and put the police in possession"; and he adds, "the primary offence is against manners not morals, and public opinion, not pulpit admonition, is the thing to put it down."

HIGHGATE VILLAGE.

By Walter K. Jealous Illustrated. 6s. net. (London: Baines & Scarsbrook.)

Highgate is rich not only in those old or beautiful survivals of architecture and custom that delight the antiquarian, but in literary and artistic associations that perhaps appeal more strongly to the average man. Andrew Marvell had a cottage there; and there are still the houses that were once the homes of Coleridge, of Leigh Hunt, of Dr. Sacheverell; an inn that was frequented by George Morland. The story of Whittington, too, is inseparable from the story of Highgate, and many another famous in later days has left some memory in the place. Of these, and the intimate past and present life of Highgate Village Mr. Jealous gossips from fullness of knowledge and very pleasantly. His book—which is at once a guide-book and a history—is excellently illustrated with old prints, portraits, and sketches by various artists. One, a drawing of the club room at "The Flask," is by Charles Robinson; another is by W. H. J. Boot; there is a drawing of George Du Maurier by himself; and twelve admirable, delicately finished sketches by Frederick Adcock of Cromwell House, Coleridge's house, the Church, the High Street, and other historic buildings or delightfully picturesque parts of the district.

From **Highgate Village,**
By Walter K. Jealous
(*Baines & Scarsbrook*).

COCKTAILS.

By Lieutenant C. Patrick Thompson. 7s. 6d. net. (Collins.)

"Cocktails" is a collection of air stories from the columns of *Flying*, the well-known aeronautical paper. Twenty-five—liberal measure—of these excellent little tales and sketches are printed here, ranging the gamut of the emotions experienced by the average flying officer during the war, together with a few dealing with hardly more peaceful aspects of love. You are switched from deepest tragedy to farce as quickly as you pass from one story to another. There is, indeed, no lack of versatility in the volume; moreover, Mr. Thompson can both tell a good story tersely and write well. At its best, his work is vivid and moving, but one warning should be given to prospective readers—of whom the book deserves many. These sketches do not necessarily represent war conditions of flying in so far as material things are concerned. Undoubtedly the average flying man's criticism of several of the tales would be that they are impossible—that such things didn't happen. Well, perhaps they didn't. But they make good reading, and they are correct to a degree in their psychology. Which, after all, is the main thing.

COMMERCIAL ADVERTISING.

By Thomas Russell. 10s. 6d. net. (Putnams.)

Mr. Thomas Russell's book is a collection of six lectures delivered to students at the London School of Economics and Political Science, and, as its author is President of the Incorporated Society of Advertisement Consultants, it presents, no doubt, the last word upon the subject with which it deals. The reader will probably take that for granted. But what will be of equal interest to him is that he will find that the book makes admirable reading. The subject—a much wider and more "human" one than would generally be believed—is treated at once interestingly and with humour, and the psychology of commercial advertising is wonderfully well presented by the author. Why is it, for instance, that Sunny Jim has disappeared from the hoardings while Johnny Walker and the Kodak girl remain? Mr. Russell will tell you. Again, you make ask yourself whether advertising is a career which you—or your son—would care to take up? Mr. Russell will tell you about that also, and with a good deal of enthusiasm. In fact, a very jolly, interesting, and useful book on a subject which might easily have been made dryasdust.

THE MAN WITHOUT A MEMORY.

By A. W. Marchmont. 6s. net. (Ward, Lock.)

The rescue during the war of an English girl from Berlin by a young officer who is forced to impersonate a German spy is the absorbing theme of Mr. Marchmont's latest story. While crossing from Harwich to Rotterdam, the officer's boat is mined, and being the only survivor he is mistaken for Johann Lassen, a passenger *en route* for Berlin to join the secret service. To carry through the impersonation he feigns loss of memory—hence the title. Told in the author's liveliest manner, the story is brimful of breathless situations, tight corners, and hairbreadth escapes, and keeps the reader engrossed from first to last.

THE BETTER YARN.

Being Some Chronicles of the Merrythought Club.

Retold by ARTHUR GREENING. With Character Sketches by CLIVE GARDINER, and a Frontispiece, etc., by ALBERT LOCK. 2s. 6d. net. (Jarrolds.)

Mr. Greening pleads by way of excuse for his book—though no excuse for it is needed—that there is a shortage of humour, and this has moved him to help the world to a little laughter. He has gone delving into all sorts of little known or forgotten treasuries of amusing yarns, and has made the oldest of them new again by retelling them in his own way, though not in his own person. You are first introduced to a group of characters, quaint rural personages, a commercial traveller, a soldier, a sailor, and others who meet from time to time in the parlour of

From **The Better Yarn**
By Arthur Greening.
(*Jarrolds*).

the "Merrythought," a cosy, haunted wayside inn on the outskirts of a village, and when they meet they exchange tales and anecdotes, and at night, when they are gone home and the inn closed, a company of jolly old monks come from a ruined monastery near by and take their places by the hospitable hearth and while away the night by swapping stories with which they used to set the table in a roar in the days before their solid flesh had melted. The result is a delightful variety of witty and humorous tales by all sorts of people—tales of the land and sea, of the town and country, of many ages and many countries. A capital book for the after-dinner speaker to steal from, and for any reader to take with him to shorten a railway journey, or to read in the garden or by the fireside or anywhere at any time when he feels that a course of hearty laughter would do him good.

FABLES OF EVERYDAY FOLK.

By SOPHIE IRENE LOEB. 5s. (Gay & Hancock.)

Another book from the skilful and witty author of "What Eve Said" which should appeal to all lovers of "something fresh" in the way of books is "Fables of Everyday Folks." The fables are all short and to the point—decidedly to the point—and cover a wide range of subjects as the following titles suggest: "The Man with a

From **Fables of Everyday Folks**
(*Gay & Hancock*).

"DO RIGHT AND FEAR NO MAN—DON'T WRITE AND FEAR NO WOMAN."

Grievance," "The Play-going Joy-Killer," "The Perpetual Prude," "The Man with the 'Company' Smile," "The Woman Who Lived on Yesterday," and "The Man Who Wrote Letters"—a fable whose moral is, "Do right and fear no man. Don't write and fear no woman." The book is daintily illustrated by Ruby Lind who also illustrated "What Eve Said."

WHAT EVE SAID.

By SOPHIE IRENE LOEB. 4s. 6d. (Gay & Hancock.)

"What Eve Said" is a delightful and witty book of epigrams. A book that one may open at random and be sure of finding something good—no matter what page it

From **What Eve Said**
(*Gay & Hancock*).

"IN DOUBLE HARNESS, WHEN 'NERVES' COME IN AT THE DOOR, HAPPINESS FLIES OUT OF THE WINDOW."

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happens to be. Here are some of Eve's sayings concerning Ladies and Gentlemen :

"A lady is one who always gives the benefit of the doubt."
"A lady is one who turns a deaf ear to gossip."
"A lady is one who finds wisdom in her washerwoman as well as her woman chum."
"A gentleman is one who does not try to prove it."
"A gentleman is a man 'higher up' who is big enough to grasp the hand of the man 'lower down.'"
"A gentleman is one who excuses every one but himself."

Some of Eve's Old Maxims for New are worth noting :

"Love to man is but a thing to start—'tis woman's whole persistence."
"When experience comes in the door, illusion flies out of the window."
"Where there's a will there's the devil to pay."

It is altogether a most entertaining book. Just the thing for "odd-moment" reading.

LOST ISLAND.

By H. P. Holt and R. H. Barbour. 6s. net. (Harrap.)

It was the tale of an ancient mariner, as he slapped paint on the side of his ship, that fired Dave Hallard to answer the call of the sea. But the boy came of old sailor stock, and sooner or later every Hallard felt and succumbed to the prompting. Dave's interest in the mariner's story of a lost treasure ship was quickened by his ambition to restore his father's decayed fortune, and presently he cut his schooldays short and embarked on the *Kingfisher* as cook's boy. He was spared none of the hardships of the old tramp schooners, and a bullying first officer did his best to cure him of his illusions. But Dave Hallard had plenty of inherited grit, and in due time he heard further tidings of the old sailor's lost treasure ship. Dave and his friend, Tempest, were able to interest others in the search, who gave them assistance in the enterprise. It proved an exciting quest, and the villain, Flagg, all but won the prize. The wreck itself yielded nothing, but a great storm revealed a buried hut on the shore, beneath the floor of which lay the long-lost chest of platinum. So Dave realised all his ambitions while yet in his teens. This is a capital boy's book, full of exciting adventure. It is published in a most attractive style and is well illustrated.

From Lost Island (*Harrap*). "YOU NEVER KNOW WHAT LUCK'S COMING YOUR WAY WHEN YOU'RE A SAILOR."

From The Old Gray Homestead By Francis Parkinson Keyes. (*Hodder & Stoughton*). WRAPPER DESIGN.

STONE WALLS.

By [Cecilia Hill. 6s. 9d. net. (Hutchinson.)

This is a novel full of good writing and cleverly suggested atmosphere. Some of the characters are stagey and reminiscent, and the plot ends rather unconvincingly, but there remains much to stamp this book as one of unusual merit, and the reader's attention is gripped from the start. It tells the story of the lonely childhood of Petra Penrose whose life is grey like the atmosphere that broods over the only landscape she knew—the reaches of the Essex marshes. Beyond servants her only companionship was with her prosaic and domineering brother, and later with Leonard Brook, the clever undergraduate, whom she grew to worship with all her childish strength. Her mother returned from India with a hateful stepfather, who set himself the task of training the child not to follow the footsteps of her talented and bohemian father. Thus the child's inherited genius for music was mercilessly repressed and her later teens were spent in benumbing apathy. Leonard Brook, after long wandering in search of a career, returned to his native village, and discovered that Petra's womanhood was even more strange and alluring than her childhood. So he proves a redoubtable champion against the wicked stepfather, and the author assures us that he even succeeded in awakening Petra's heart from its torpor.

From Wyndham's Partner, by Harold Bindloss (*Ward, Lock*). "THE TABLE TILTED AND THE MEDICINE CHEST SLIPPED OFF."

WYNDHAM'S PARTNER.

By HAROLD BINDLOSS. 6s. net. (Ward, Lock.)

Plots, gloom, sickness and mystery are plentiful in this novel, and Bob Marston, the strong and upright Englishman who was Wyndham's partner, detested such things. Perhaps if Mabel had not kept him waiting so long, for she would not agree to marriage while her widowed mother was alive, Bob would never have been moved to go voyaging to tropical swamps and lagoons with Harry Wyndham, even though Harry was engaged to Flora who was Mabel's dearest friend. Still Bob's scrupulous honesty and straightforward principles are the making of the story, and but for his partner's stand for right there is no telling to what lengths Harry might not have gone. Would he, adventurous spirit that he was, have dropped out, as Uncle Rupert dropped out, and settled down as a savage chieftain? Who can say?—anything is possible in the Caribbean Islands and the dusky villages of Central Africa when an experienced novelist is at work. Certainly Bob by putting some of his superfluous capital into Wyndham's had a strong position in the business, and it was nice of Uncle Rupert after all the trouble he had given, to save his nephew and Bob from embarrassment by disappearing into space before they reached Kingston. A capital romance, well written and thoroughly readable throughout.

"LIMPY."

By WILLIAM JOHNSTON. 6s. net. (Jarrolds.)

"Limpy" has been selling enormously in America and deserves the same success on this side of the Atlantic. It is the story of a little cripple boy who feels himself neglected and shut out from the joys of life—one of those delicious child-studies which always find a corner in the heart of the reading public. How, in spite of his deformity, he obtains happiness and brings it to others, is the theme of Mr. Johnston's book. Limpy's pathetic tale is told with touches of real humour and genuine feeling. Jonas Tucker, who lost a leg in the battle of Gettysburg and is able to sympathise with Limpy's lameness and loneliness, is a lovable character and teaches Limpy the mysterious art of seeing people's souls. The little fellow does many surprising and wonderful things and his history touches and keeps one interested until the marvellous operation that makes him like other boys at last. His first letter after his discovery that he will be able to run and walk and play discloses the martial spirit that all through has made him fight against the cruel disadvantages of his infirmity. Limpy is a character that will live, he is charming, pitiful, quaint and altogether out of the common.

THE SKELETON MAN.

By BERTRAM MUNN. 1s. net. (Angolds.)

A clever and satirical piece of work is Mr. Munn's short but piquant novel, "The Skeleton Man." The story is set in the year 1950, and deals with a startling scientific discovery that is used to bring about the drastic suppression of many abuses and creates a panic in London. Commencing with the sudden, unaccountable disappearance of flappers' pigtails in the London streets, it soon results in the wholesale destruction of individuals and throws the populace into a ferment of terror. The book must be read for its originality and caustic humour to be appreciated. The theme is delightfully new and carried out with excellent effect. It is certainly, as it claims to be, "a novel with a punch in it" and hits out straight from the shoulder at a good many people and things who and which are in great disfavour with the public of our own day.

From The World of Wonderful Reality, WRAPPER DESIGN. the new novel by E. Temple Thurston, which Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton are publishing.

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From **Carrion Island,** By Draycot Dell (*Jarrolds*).

CARRION ISLAND.

By DRAYCOT M. DELL. 7s. net. (Jarrolds.)

Mr. Dell has written a stirring novel of the old romantic days of pirates and buccaneers. The first section of it relates the adventures on the high seas of John Scarlett; his meeting with pirates and his capture by them, and of his many escapes from death. But love and happiness come to him even in the wild haunts of lawless men, and years later his son, finding an old tattered log book, reads for himself the amazing story. The story so begun is continued in a second part which narrates the exciting events that drive this same son on to Carrion Island, of the fortunes that befall him there—no less harrowing than those that befell his father—and how he clears up the mystery that had shrouded his boyhood. It is a rattling good yarn, full of thrills, brisk in action, and told in a virile, spirited manner.

UP, THE REBELS.

By GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM. 7s. net. (Methuen.)

With a touch of whimsical humour (and, surely, with a bull lurking round the corner) the author of this volume dedicates his story "To any friends I have left in Ireland after the publication of this book." We were long since told by Samuel Butler the First of the fate likely to overtake those who in quarrels interpose; the author of Hudibras wrote, however, before the coming of the novelists, and the novelist is somewhat of a privileged person. Yet it may well be that George A. Birmingham's pleasantly rendered chapter from recent Irish history will annoy both sides, the supporters ot the Government and the would-be makers of an "Irish Republic"; and that in spite of his genial humour. The leading types of the two sides, the governmental official and the sentimental dreamers, are well chosen in father and stepdaughter. Sir Ulick Conolly, regarded by his sister, the devotee of hunting, as the personification of Irish misgovernment, is really a charming, easygoing person, who apparently sees nothing incongruous in having a lady typewriter who is an ardent Sinn Feiner—that she is a good typewriter is the important thing; that she sends copies of important (and other) documents to her friends in the rebel camp does not seem to matter. Of course the most dramatic episodes turn on this very point, for the young lady—who had by the way greatly intrigued Sir Ulick's nephew—secures one letter on the subject of Irish conscription, and interprets an insignificant correspondent's suggestion as a Government resolve. Thus it is that Mona Conolly and her queer colleagues set up the Irish Republic in the little town of Dunally, and for a few hours are allowed to believe that they are making history. It is perhaps inevitable that a story dealing with such a theme as that of "Up, the Rebels" should break off inconclusively, but romantic readers will feel that they ought to have been given something of a hint as to what followed the well-engineered collapse of the Rebel Republic of Dunally.

From **Woman,** by Starr Wood (*Angolds*). **AT HOME.**

MISS MAY EDGINTON, author of "The Man who Broke the Rule," which Messrs. Cassell are to publish.

THE WICKED MARQUIS.

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM. 6s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

There is some excellent comedy in this novel, and the dialogue and plot never fail in vivacity and interest. In fact the book is full of admirable dramatic quality, and if the characters suggest the stage rather than real life, Mr. Oppenheim gives them a fine air of reality, and the reader is entertained from the sprightly opening until the curtain falls. In days gone by, for saving the life of the head of the house, Richard Vont, a gamekeeper, had been granted in deed of gift a cottage adjoining the mansion. The present Marquis, the wicked one of our story, had run away with the daughter of the gamekeeper's successor and heir, and he now had the mortification of beholding from his windows the cottage wherein Richard Vont called down imprecations on the head of his daughter's seducer. Marcia Hannaway, as the daughter now called herself, had become

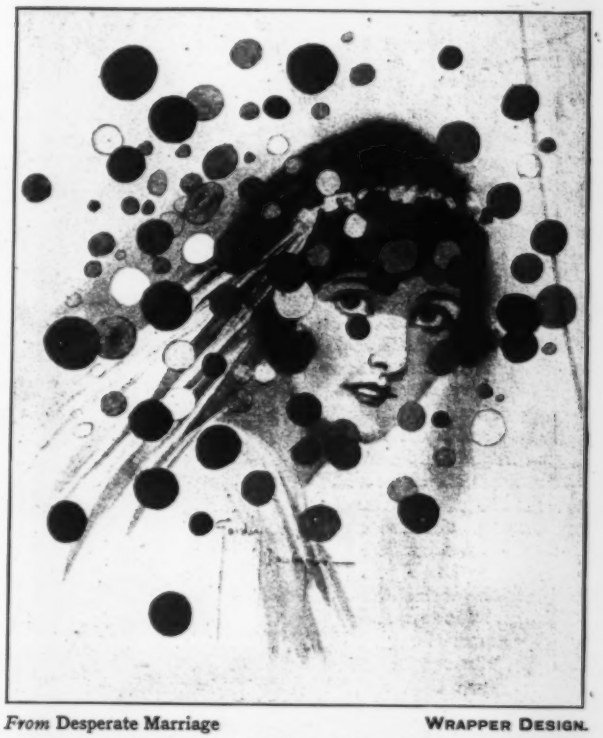
From Tales from Hoffmann (*Jarrolds*). WRAPPER DESIGN.

a distinguished novelist, thanks to the travel and education which she owed to her loyal protector, and at the time of this story she was torn between love of her publisher and her gratitude to her elderly lover. Vont's nephew, a self-made millionaire, wormed himself into the Marquis's confidence with a view to ruining him by way of revenging his uncle; but instead of achieving that, he made the Marquis's fortune and married his daughter. It is a capitally contrived plot, with much good talk and many excellently drawn characters.

WANDERINGS IN ITALY.

By GABRIEL FAURE. 7s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)

M. Faure's "Heures d'Italie," an English translation of which is given in the volume before us, is a sort of exalted guide-book to the choicest beauties of nature and of art which are to be found in the Italian peninsula. It is a book indeed in which the distinguished French author essays to do for many Italian cities and districts what Mr. E. V. Lucas has done for Florence, the difference being that the Gaul is much more poetical and much less topographical than the Englishman. M. Faure is poetical in three very different but connected ways. In the first place his thought is eminently mystical and exalted. Secondly his prose style is very eloquent and rhythmical. And, thirdly,



From Desperate Marriage WRAPPER DESIGN.

A new story by Marjory Royce which Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton are publishing.

his illustrations and quotations are taken abundantly from many of the greatest singers of all time, ranging from Petrarch, Tasso and Dante to Goethe, Chateaubriand and Shelley. Perhaps the most delightful result of M. Faure's wanderings in Piedmont, Emilia, Umbria and Venetia is the admirably fresh and suggestive criticism which he gives of some of the Italian "primitives." Luini, Varallo, Ferrari, and Moretto have never found a more sympathetic appreciator.

From The Mystery of the Heart, By Ottwell Binns (*Ward, Lock*). "HER EYES WERE ON THE DOORWAY, FILLED WITH MINGLED HORROR AND FEAR."

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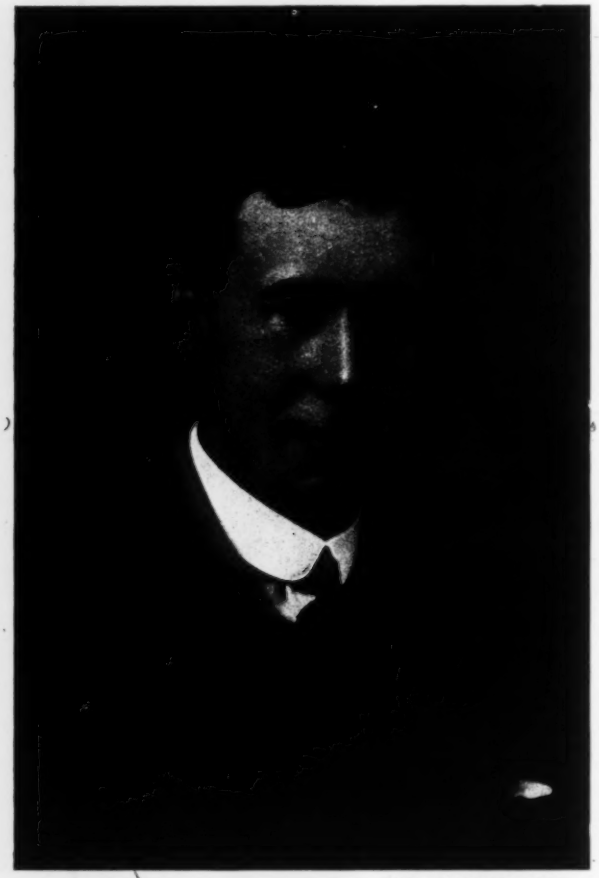
MISS SHEILA KAYE-SMITH,
whose latest novel, "Tamarisk Town" (Cassell), is reviewed in this Number.

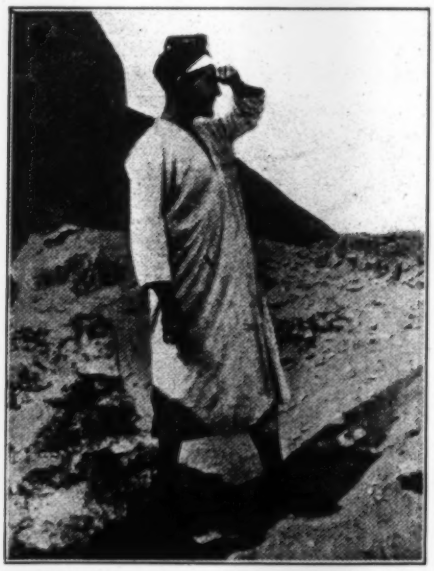


MR H. H. BASHFORD,
whose new novel, "The Plain Girl's Tale," is being published by Collins. Mr. Bashford has not been writing novels during the war. His best known book is "The Corner of Harley Street."

THE IMPORTANCE OF WOMEN IN ANGLO-SAXON TIMES;

The Cultus of St. Peter and St. Paul, and Other Addresses.
By the Right Rev. G. F. BROWNE, D.D. 7s. 6d. net. (S.P.C.K.)

In his new volume of "Studies in Church History" Bishop Browne deals with five varied subjects which will appeal to various readers. The opening address, that on "The Importance of Women in Anglo-Saxon Times," is perhaps the least attractive in that it is the sketchiest, and deals with a theme that is more restricted than its title alone might suggest, that of the importance of women as centres of church and educative influence in Anglo-Saxon times. His second subject, "The Cultus of St. Peter and St. Paul," is extremely interesting as showing how the two apostles were closely twinned in early times, and in its presentation of an accumulation of evidence against the claim that St. Peter is to be regarded as the "Primary Patron" of England. Interesting too is the account which Bishop Browne gives of "The Early Connection Between the Churches of Britain and Ireland," and of "The See of Crediton, 9th June, 1909," an address given on the thousandth anniversary of the foundation of the See of Exeter. The volume, which closes with a pleasant and informing essay on the life, work and character of Erasmus, is one that may be commended to the notice of all readers who can appreciate scholarly work presented in a thoroughly engaging and lucid manner.



CAPTAIN R. S. GWATKIN-WILLIAMS, C.M.G., R.N.
In a costume he wore while a prisoner with the Senoussi.

From **Prisoners of the Red Desert,**
By Captain R. S. Gwatkin-Williams,
with Introduction by the Duke of Westminster, which Mr. Thornton Butterworth has in the press.

BIRDLAND'S LITTLE PEOPLE.

By OLIVER G. PIKE. 4s. 6d. net. (Religious Tract Society.)

All young people who are fond of birds should ask for this book for their next birthday present—or Christmas present, if Christmas comes first. It is a fascinating book—all the stories in it being first-hand studies, which are illustrated with photographs taken by the author. "I want you to look upon the country as a big and wonderful book," says Mr. Pike in his short foreword. "Each day turn over one page—and you can go on turning all your life—and you will find on the page that follows a more beautiful picture and a more wonderful story than any you saw before." To those who so far are *not* interested in birds we would say, "Read this book." It will open a new and enchanting world to them.

HINDUSTANI LYRICS.

Rendered from the Urdu by INAYAT KHAN and JESSIE DUNCAN WESTBROOK. 2s. 6d. (London: Sufi Publishing Society.)

Lovers of poetry cannot be sufficiently grateful to Mrs. Westbrook and her collaborator, Mr. Inayat Khan, for making available to English readers some of the choicest specimens of verse, composed comparatively recently by representative Indian poets. They employed, as their instrument of expression, Urdu—a language that took its birth in the cantonments of the great Moguls. Combining, as it does, Perso-Arabic elements with Sanskrit and its derivatives, it is at once elegant and expressive. The names of these Urdu poets are household words wherever that language is spoken—and it is spoken by millions upon millions of Indians, not all of whom are confined to upper India. The selection of the songs is extremely happy: collectively they reflect the great variety and richness, the fine delicacy and nobility of feeling, of Urdu poetry. Born in Scotland, of Scottish parentage, Mrs. Westbrook possesses a wonderful faculty for appreciating Indian thought and feeling, and her art possesses the depth necessary for the reproduction of those minor notes that give tone to Urdu verse. I can select but one example to show how faithfully and how artistically she has done her work:

"The high ambition of the drop of rain
Is to be merged in the unfettered sea;
My sorrow when it passed all bounds of pain,
Changing, became itself the remedy.

"Behold how great is my humility!
Under your cruel yoke I suffered sore;
Now I no longer feel thy tyranny
I hunger for the pain that then I bore.

From Poems in Captivity
By John Still
(*John Lane*).

FACSIMILE OF PART OF MS.

The whole MS. was written in a Turkish prison on ten sheets of notepaper and concealed in a hollow walking-stick.

From Hindustani Lyrics
(*Sufi Publishing Society*).

ZAJAR.

"Why did the fragrance of the flowers outflow
If not to breathe with benediction sweet
Across her path? Why did the soft wind blow
If not to kiss the ground before her feet?"

We must note that frequently the Urdu poets employ human passion to express divine love. Instances of this subtle imagery occur again and again in the book. The value of the volume is greatly enhanced by the foreword explaining the origin of the Urdu language, the modes of the poets, and biographical notes of those whose work has been included.

BANKED FIRES.

By E. W. SAVI. 7s. net. (Putnams.)

This is a good story of Anglo-Indian life, including many of the figures familiar in novels dealing with the great Eastern Empire. The reliant, straightforward English girl, the foolish wife, married too young, whose beauty in no way compensates for her selfishness, and the harpy woman, Mrs. Fox, who though married devours young men, are among them. As for the men, there are of course the fond and foolish husband, the strong man (in the person of Dr. Dalton), and the nice young men who hover, innocently at first, around the web spun by Mrs. Fox. Given these human materials almost anything could be done with them, and Miss Savi has made a thoroughly good, interesting and amusing story. Joyce Meredith, putting her child first and her husband nowhere, and patting the doctor's hand in her gratitude, or holding the lapels of his coat, is perhaps a little too extreme in her innocence, and Honor Bright somewhat extreme in her goodness. Jack Darling, too, was nothing if not extreme when he slipped overboard purposely to make his sweetheart believe he was drowning, and so forgive him his past history; but they all claim the reader's interested attention and help in the weaving of a capital story.

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